THE

CATHOLIC RECORD.

VOL. IV, No. 23.—MARCH, 1873.

ECONOMY OF NATURE.

IT is often gratifying to dispense as much as possible with the formalities of science and to disclose its mysteries in a form at once intelligible and attractive. Abstract science has its uses and those too of the highest value; for without the deductive researches which it has enabled philosophers to make, and the arrangements which it has taught them to invent, all knowledge would be little better than a chaos of facts, destitute of those combinations which lead the mind to an acquaintance with the laws that operate in every department of the universe. At the same time we think that, when science has succeeded in developing the character of those laws it becomes a matter of great importance to translate its lofty investigations into language calculated to familiarize them to the multitude. The complex and refined studies, in which highly accomplished intellects take the greatest delight, can never, in the best educated nations, be pursued by any considerable portion of the community. Nevertheless, it is for the benefit of the community that those studies are legitimately intended, and unless they can be reduced by the process of simplification, to the ordinary level of the understanding, they must be considered as entitled to little more respect than the visions of the alchemist. The profound adept in mathematics, astronomy, botany, or zoology, constantly tends towards abstract principles, which are not always plain to common observers; he is dealing with the invisible world, while they can with difficulty be brought to reflect even on the world immediately around them; while he is descanting on the structure of a plant or the organization of an insect, they are probably unaware that such a plant, or such an insect, is in existence. The main difficulty to be got over as to objects of this description, is the extreme indifference with which they are almost universally treated by mankind. The sun has risen and set with unfailing regularity during a period of more than six thousand years, and yet because it is a matter of daily occurrence, very few take

note of that very regularity, as one of the most convincing proofs of the master mind that presides over our system! If the moon were to exhibit her crescent in our sky for the first time to-night, the phenomenon would fill our hemisphere with wonder. But because we have beheld the satellite pass through its various changes from time to time, we look upon it with apathy, as if the greatest of all miracles were not the admirable precision with which the moon and myriads of other orbs wheeling through space, execute their revolutions without the occurrence of any obstacle calling for the extraordinary interposition of the Deity.

If the two spheres which are most conspicuous in our system, be thus so generally neglected, we must not feel surprised to find men evince so much unconcern, and so little knowledge, as to the subordinate objects of creation. We walk into the fields of a summer evening, we notice perhaps here and there, groups of sheep and cattle, the song of birds in the hedges, the fragrance of the herbage, the grateful green of the grass, and the serene azure of the skies, and we return home charmed by the sensations, which even these few sources of pleasure awake in the mind. But how infinitely more numerous and more exquisite would those sensations have been, had we gone forth with intelligence alive to the world of organized being which invites our attention at every step we take. We pass by with contempt the worm which we chance to see in a furrow, but with very different sentiments we should have contemplated this humble creature, had we known that he has in fact duties to fulfil of the first importance, and that he performs them with incomparable industry. It is his province to consume on the surface of the ground, the softer parts of the decayed vegetable matter; the more fibrous parts he conveys into the bosom of the earth, where they also decay in the course of time. Whatever he consumes or carries away, returns therefore sooner or later to the soil, in a form better adapted for the sustenance of vegetable life, and in this way he is constantly engaged in lending assistance to the plough, or in supplying its place wherever human industry happens to be yet unknown.

But the utility of the most despised of living beings does not stop here. He loosens the soil at the roots of trees and plants, and facilitates their irrigation from the clouds. He assists very materially in draining the surface of the land of superfluous moisture by excavating subterranean channels through which it escapes; and he, moreover, furnishes in his own proper substance, a ready prepared banquet for almost everything that moves in or on the earth, in the atmosphere, or in the water. The mole hunts him through the pastures, and penetrates the earth in pursuit, when he retires thither for protection. The birds feed upon him all the year round. He is not an unwelcome present to the beetle race; and as the angler well knows, he is looked upon by fishes in general as the most irresistible of dainties. Although they are thus exposed to universal depredation, the earth still teems with a constant succession of these creatures. It is calculated that they exceed in numbers, the grains of all kinds of corn collected by mankind. We may thus appreciate the extent and activity of their agency in assisting to convert death into life. They are to us so many pledges for the unerring execution of the promise that while the earth remains, the winter shall always be followed by spring. We learn from them, moreover, that

nothing absolutely perishes; the yellow leaf no sooner falls than it is appropriated by these sedulous husbandmen to the purposes of future vegetation—so admirable is the economy of that portion of the universe to which we belong! It is the prevailing error of our education that we are at first made acquainted with insects only to abhor or torture them, and that as we grow up to maturity, we are permitted to remain ignorant of the various orders of beings that fill up the links of existence beneath our own rank, as if they appertained to another planet. The truant well knows where he shall find at the bottom of some brook a shapeless little combination of wood and straw, which he sees moored to a pebble, or cautiously moving along with the current. He opens the mass and finds within it nicely housed, a small white worm which he immediately destroys by fixing it on his fishing-hook, and there all his knowledge of the insect terminates. He would scarcely be induced to treat it in this manner had he learned that this apparently insignificant creature exhibits as much sagacity and practical knowledge in his way, as the fox or the elephant; although just emancipated from the egg, he at once spins and weaves for himself a silken vestment, with which he surrounds every part of his frame, except his head and the forepart of his body, which is furnished with six legs. This coat is not, however, sufficient to protect him from his numerous enemies. He therefore attaches to it externally the small shells of other animals, minute fragments of gravel, particles of sand, or any other substance which he finds most convenient for his purpose. If he made his citadel too heavy, he would soon be fatigued by dragging it along; therefore having in the first place rendered it as compact as possible for his protection, he adds to it a chip of wood or a bit of straw, in order to poise the burden in the water, and this he does with as much precision as if he had been a professor of hydrostatics. If he be born in a marsh where reeds abound, he cuts off a piece of the stalk with a knot in it and makes it his habitation; or if there be no reeds in his vicinity he finds probably some loose leaves, in which he wraps his precious person, thinking that from the nature of the material he may escape the observation of curious fish and prying schoolboys. It is his destiny to lead a very different life from that in which he first becomes acquainted with existence, and this he knows as well as we do. Before he quits the water he falls into a sort of sleep, during which his transformation takes place. For this purpose he retires completely into his castle. To guard himself from his foes, the obvious course would be to shut it up altogether. If he did this, however, he would no longer have air or water, which are essential to his existence; he therefore constructs of strong silk threads of his own manufacture, a grating which, with more than the skill of a chemist, he makes insoluble in water, and thus behind his portcullis he has free access to the elements, and at the same time defies all intruders. When the proper season arrives, he puts on his wings and sports over the surface of his native streams in the form of the May fly!

The operations of this tiny insect are usually attributed to no other cause than mere instinct. The doctrine that has been hitherto advanced in support of this principle is, to say the least of it, fanciful and inconclusive. When Buffon and other naturalists speak of instinct, they describe it as a kind of mechanical impulse which teaches an animal to provide for its wants and to defend itself from its enemies. We are unable to understand what a spon-

taneous mechanical impulse is. If an animal hide itself from its pursuers, it must be from a sense of fear; if he turn boldly, and dare the encounter, he must be actuated by the hope of conquering them. Thus he may entertain both fear and hope; and these are sentiments that presuppose mind. It is the same with the worm which we have just mentioned. If its habitation be too heavy, it buoys up the mansion by the addition of some lighter material. If the abode be in danger of floating about at the mercy of the current, the peril of shipwreck is foreseen and prevented by increasing the ballast. Here are foresight, calculation, mechanical adjustment, all contained in a creature not larger than a pin! If these attributes be called instinct, we shall not quarrel with the phrase; but we must say that there is a marvellous resemblance between such instinct and that general faculty to which men have agreed to give the name of mind.

There is another insect whose proceedings are very remarkable, viz., the ant lion. In its first stage of existence it resembles the common wood-louse, and sustains itself by sucking the juices from the body of the ant. The ant lion walks backwards, but with so slow a motion that if he were to earn his bread by the chase he would be in danger of fasting for many a long day. He therefore has recourse to the trap system, and forms a pitfall in the most ingenious manner. A mere pit or round hole would by no means answer his purpose. As his movements are so snail-paced that the ant, if it had a fair opportunity, would quickly effect an escape, it becomes necessary that the predestined prey shall tumble inextricably into his net.

He selects his ground with great care. In the first place it must be in the high road by which ants usually travel when they think fit to make their excursions from home. In the next place it must be a sandy soil, as his only instruments of excavation are his two fore feet, with which it would be difficult for him to shovel up any other material. He begins his work like a regular engineer, by marking out a circle which is as perfect as a mathematician could make it with the aid of a pair of compasses. He then enters the circle, with one of his feet scoops out the sand, which he deposits by means of his shovel on the flat part of his head, whence he tosses it beyond the precincts of his domain. In this manner he goes round until he arrives at the point from which he had set out. He then returns in a contrary direction, still scooping and tossing out sand as he proceeds; he adopts this course in order that he may use his other foot, and thus relieve each alternately. His den is made in the shape of a funnel, and at the bottom he buries himself, leaving nothing to be seen but his pincers, which he keeps prepared for his victim. The little industrious ant, running along thinking only of his own affairs, finds himself suddenly within the magic circle. If he has his wits about him, he will stop at once, and endeavor to withdraw; but the enemy is already apprised of his presence. Unfortunately, upon his entrance some grains of sand must necessarily fall to the bottom of the trap, which apprises the assassin below of the traveller's approach. Immediately, the bandit emerges from his place of concealment, and flings up such a quantity of sand round the ant, that the poor creature becomes confused and rolls headlong to the centre, where he is immediately seized. He is then sucked until not a drop of vital fluid remains in his frame. As his skeleton might act as a scarecrow, it is carefully removed. The damage done during the attack, to the form of the inverted cone, is next re-

paired; and the tiny Macbeth again takes up his station in his ambuscade, there to await fresh opportunities of murder.

If a human being were placed under circumstances similar in every respect to those in which the ant lion finds himself, it would be difficult for him to devise a more ingenious contrivance. The selection of his ground, the drawing of his circle, which in order to be useful must be perfect, the shape of his pitfall, so well adapted to supply the defect of his physical motion, the vigilance which he is enabled to exercise, although out of sight, by the prey necessarily giving notice of his presence in consequence of his unavoidably disturbing a few grains of sand, which must hasten to the centre, and the means which the insect adopts for frightening his prey, are all so many proofs of a faculty, that, call it what we will, is fertile in expedients, and well suited to the exigencies which arise in the course of his life. When the period for change occurs, he retires into the bosom of the earth, and constructs for himself a residence lined with splendid tapestry, whence in due time, he makes his escape as a four-winged fly, having forgotten altogether his former habits, and received new faculties adapted to the new functions which he has to perform.

These instances, to say nothing of the hive, the cells of the wasp, the web of the spider, the habitation of the moth, the tent of the caterpillar, the cities of the ants, and the dwellings of the myriads of other insects living around us, are sufficient to suggest some of the difficulties in which we involve ourselves, when we assume that to man alone is given a faculty other than that of mere instinct, as it is commonly understood. But that the faculties of man excel those of all other beings with which we are at present acquainted, is manifest from the matchless power which even in his least civilized state he exercises over them, and especially from the indisputable fact that he is sovereign by virtue of his *reason.* This apparent diffusion of mental energy throughout all organized existence is, however, scarcely more wonderful to us than the gift of life itself to the countless races which either in the air, on the earth, or in the waters, appear to be constantly occupied in the furtherance of some great purpose, not immediately obvious to our limited observation. A leaf accidentally falls from a plant on the table at which we write, and we perceive upon it a little reptile, who is consuming it with amazing rapidity. Diminutive as he is, his organization is as perfect for the destruction of that leaf and for the assimilation of it to the substance of his own body as it is possible to be. The vital fluid circulates through his system with as much regularity as it does through the arteries and veins of man; and if we could become acquainted with its sensations, we should probably even discover that it has its moments of happiness and pain, affections, tastes, and antipathies like other animated beings. If we look at the leaves which remain on the plant we shall perceive that they sustain entire colonies of the same, or of different races of insects in their various stages, from the egg to the fly. If we attempt to count them we might as well endeavor to number the sands on the seashore.

Let us pass from the library into the garden. At the first step we observe a snail, with a gaily painted house on his back, and immediately near him there are twenty others, some adhering to the wall, some making sad work with the young peaches, while others, not so aspiring, are contented with the cabbage plants. A little further on,

we tread amongst a hundred ants, who are emerging from their subterraneous city, through a variety of tunnels, and running about, then down again, and then back with marvellous activity. Now the approach of a beetle puts them all in confusion,—away they scamper. Next a bee comes murmuring by, but they do not mind the bee, who directs his course to the hollyhock, and burying himself in one of its half-opened chalices, comes out as dusty as a miller. But he will not remain long so. He removes the fragrant burden carefully from his head and wings, and consumes a portion, which he will secrete shortly in the form of wax, for the purpose of constructing and repairing the cells of his hive; the remainder he put in his pocket for a future meal. On the ample leaves of this splendid plant we count in a moment twelve different species of flies; and if we look at the under part of the leaves, we find them, ample as they are, so crowded with eggs, that it would be impossible to press the head of a pin on any portion of the leaf without destroying one of those depositories of an incipient insect.

A step or two brings us to an apple tree, many of whose leaves are rolled up. We open one of these mansions and discover within it fifty caterpillars living together in perfect harmony. Fluttering their way from shrub to shrub are as many butterflies, clothed in garments of the most brilliant dyes, no two of them perfectly alike, and all of them apparently as happy as butterfly can be. In the air above these is a group of gnats, dancing to the sound of their own wings. It is remarkable that they observe a regular succession in their movements; when one is tired he rests for a while, and his place is filled by another. They moreover have their places in a kind of quadrille, and following the good customs of the country dances of former days, the partners frequently meet half way, and salute each other in a very affectionate manner, then they separate to renew the dance with fresh merriment. Other flies attempt to imitate the gnats, but it must be admitted that the latter are the Elsslers and the Taglionis of the scene.

As we walk on we meet a golden beetle, carrying homeward something for his children; next a red spider, next a spider striped like a zebra, and then an earwig running, and a centipede with all his legs creeping. We look into the hollows of the bank of an old elm, and find them peopled by ten different species of worms. We pass a green hedge, and count in it the nests of a variety of birds. We walk into the fields. The earth beneath our feet swarms with creatures which we do not see; every blade of grass is in itself a populous kingdom. The bleating of the sheep, the lowing of cows, the murmurs made by millions of gossamer wings in the higher regions of the air, the distant bark of the dog, the whistle of the robin, the sweet warbling of the bobolink, the joyous notes and exulting songs of so many birds fill the atmosphere with a chorus of sounds which call upon us to praise that benevolent Spirit who has thus commanded life to glow and breathe happiness everywhere around us.

What a number of creatures may we not observe even within the compass of a small garden! Some are swift in their movements, some extremely slow; some mount in the air on wings, some descend from the tops of trees, by threads which they spin for the purpose. Some float about in the atmosphere, in balloons of their own construction; some walk backwards, and some urge themselves onward by a process of inflation. One carries his food in his mouth, another puts it

into his wallet. Here a robber lies in wait for the industrious insect, and plunders him of the treasure he had been a whole day in collecting. Here a regular duel is going on between two creatures, and by and by associates collect on either side, until a general battle begins, which is fought with great fury, and no trifling slaughter. How various their raiment! how beautifully attired are some, while others may be said to be the Quakers of the insect world in their mode of attire! What nice art is manifest in their operations, what cunning and foresight they display in guarding against their foes! The garden is not only a world but a universe of insects; every tree, every branch, every leaf, every stem, every inch of bark, every fern, every flower, every blade of grass being inhabited by a peculiar population of its own! New universes break upon our view the moment we embark on the river, the lake, and the ocean. If we take up a drop of water on the head of a pin, and magnify it by means of the solar microscope, we shall behold it teeming with different races of beings, the stronger of which feed upon the weaker, and still finding even in that tiny world, more than they can consume, range about in it with as much facility and freedom as if it were an Atlantic. Upwards of four hundred different species of animalcules have been already distinguished, and it seems to be pretty well established that the greater number of these possess an internal structure quite as perfect as that of the larger animals, and comprising a muscular, nervous, and in all probability, vascular system, all wonderfully contrived for the performance of their respective offices. Some are provided with rotary organs, fringed with lashes, by which they are enabled not only to move to and fro with marvellous rapidity, but also to create a strong current of water, which rushes towards the mouth and supplies the animal with food. Others which want this machinery, are endowed with the extraordinary faculty of thrusting out or elongating portions of their bodies at various points, which assuming the appearance of either legs or fins, enable the creature to walk or swim.

The diversity of form which prevails amongst the multitudes that inhabit a single globule of water is astonishing. One resembles the sun, another the crescent of the moon a few days old, a third the serpent, a fourth the swallow, a fifth a bunch of grapes; among them will be found miniature figures like a tulip on its stem, a cornucopia, a flask, a lyre, a guitar, a ring, a comet, and countless other objects, such as cylinders, pitchers, and fruit of every description. Some move by darting, some leap, some creep or float along, while others not furnished with wheels get on by rolling round the axis of their own bodies, as the earth rotates in travelling round the sun. Though the majority are of a dull waterish color, a few are clothed in the hues of the rainbow. They have all manifestly the means of perceiving objects before them although eyes have not been as yet discovered only in certain species. It is not to be supposed that they are generally as soft in substance as they seem; many are protected by a delicate shell. If we take some of the largest of these animalcules, and suppose them to be arranged in a line of only one inch in length, it will require 9600 to form it; so, that a cubic inch would contain 884,736 millions; an ocular demonstration of the divisibility of animal matter. And if we investigate the thickness of their skins, or of the tissue which incloses the colored particles, it will be found to be less than any substance we are acquainted with

in inorganic matter; and will afford at the same time, a better idea of the minuteness of the particles of vegetable coloring matter than any other method we can devise.

The little being called the proteus varies its shape every moment under the eye of the observer, now a ball, now a funnel, next a mere dash on the water, and then a three-cornered figure. The grape animalcules are clustered together; and sometimes rove about near the surface of the water, and go through a series of the most amusing gambols. The hair-like animalcule is so called from its shape. Diminutive though it be, it is covered with rings, and is incapable of bending. The hair insects are usually found together in groups, and their color changes occasionally from a bright green to a sky blue. A group observed by the microscope divided itself into two armies, and while one resolved on moving upward in the water that contained them, the other chose to take the contrary direction. Thus they were about to meet, seemingly in hostile contact, when the host that was ascending regularly opened out its column on the right and left, leaving a convenient space through which the other division descended, and thus they continued to repeat their evolutions for some time with a degree of discipline which must have proceeded from intelligence. If we consider that this animalcule is so small as to be invisible to the naked eye, that millions of millions of the race may be contained within the compass of a square inch, and yet that they have sagacity which teaches them to associate, and to move, as it were, under the guidance of acknowledged leaders, in such directions as are best calculated to secure the harmony of the whole community, we must perceive that no power short of omnipotence could have thus divided not only the principle of life, but the ethereal spark of mind into such infinitely small portions.

The Greenland Sea is indebted for its peculiar color, which varies between olive green and ultramarine, to the vast number of Medusæ it contains. These animalcules are, individually, about one-thirtieth of an inch in diameter; and so great are their multitudes, that, according to a curious calculation, if eighty thousand persons had began at the creation of our planet to count the numbers of those little beings that exist only within two square miles of that sea, to the depth of two hundred and fifty fathoms, they would scarcely have completed the enumeration at the present time! But the human mind fails to follow the calculation to the extent of the thirty thousand square miles of the sea in question, which may be said to exhibit one entire field of Medusæ.

The question often arises, while we are dealing with the lower tribes of the animated world, what is the object of all this vast diffusion of life through so many classes of creatures? It is now a well-established fact that, however numerous and subdivided the races of quadrupeds, birds, insects, fishes, and animalcules may be, they never intermix with each other. Each particular race uniformly reproduces only its own; there is a boundary between it and every other races above or below it, in the scale of existence, beyond which it cannot pass.

The elephant can no more be a parent of a lamb, than a lamb can be of an elephant. The same law of perpetual distinction, which prevails amongst quadrupeds, is found as constantly in force amongst birds, insects, and all the tenants of the deep, without exception. However various may be the

mode of propagation amongst animalcules, still, even upon these tiny races, the same command is imposed. The proteus may assume a thousand different shapes in a minute, but he cannot be the ancestor of the polypus. The monad will continue only to produce a monad, to the end of time; and the grape animalcule will never resemble any other fruit. We therefore arrive at the knowledge of a fact, no longer disputable, that he who created the leviathan created also the hair insect; that everything which lives and moves derives its existence from the same power; and the unity which exists throughout the entire system of life, exhibits the unity and the presence of that power, in language as majestic as the lightnings of Sinai. The plan for continuing the created races appears, also, to have proceeded from the same source of incomparable wisdom. The moving globule, which seems to occupy the place nearest to inanimate matter, is appointed to convert the watery element into its own substance; thus fed, it becomes itself the food of animalcules higher on the scale of organization; and these in their turn assume a consistency which renders them fit to be the nutriment of the smaller fishes. The smaller fish serve as food to the larger; the enormous whale, for instance, lives principally on shrimps, minute crabs, cuttle-fishes, and other small marine animals; and as these are sustained by the Medusæ, we may perceive the relation that exists between those animalcules and the whale. Ascending a step higher, we find that there is no fish in the waters, with which we are acquainted, which may not be converted by man to the purposes either of food, or light, or convenience, or ornament, in some shape or another. The whale enables him to prolong the day in the acquisition of that knowledge which, rightly directed, purifies and exalts his intellect. The very instrument by which that animal collects its food assists ladies in dress arrangements, to protect us from the rain, and to perfect several parts of the machinery used in our manufactures. The lobster, the turbot, the salmon, the cod, the mackerel, and the herring afford luxuries for the tables of every class in society, and the staple of commerce to millions of mankind. If there were no Medusæ, the whale would soon perish; and if the other tribes of animalcules ceased to be reproduced, the ocean would soon be without an inhabitant.

In the same manner the creature out of the waters that seems to hold the place nearest the unorganized matter is, perhaps, the grub. It is the province of the grub to assimilate to his own substance vegetable and decayed animal matter; he then becomes the food of other insects, and of birds, and very much enriches the grasses and plants on which herbivorous quadrupeds are nourished, which, in their turn, are consumed as well as birds by other animals, until the scale of gradation again closes in man. But animalcules, fishes, insects, birds, and quadrupeds all combine to execute another great function in the system, without which this planet would speedily cease to be habitable. They not only administer to the wants of each other, but they are all engaged in manipulating inanimate matter, if we may use the expression, by converting it into food; in the first instance, they change it from form to form, and thus contribute to render it as fresh and as fertile at this moment, as it was on the day it was created.

There is a species of beetle which may be recognized without difficulty from its long black body, somewhat irregularly indented by

two broad copper-colored bands. It being observed that dead moles when left upon the ground usually disappeared in the course of two or three days, but by the operation of what course could not be conjectured, therefore a mole was purposely placed on one of the beds in a garden; it had vanished on the third morning; and on digging where it had been laid, it was found regularly entombed in the earth, and beneath were discovered four beetles. It appeared therefore that the beetles were the sextons on the occasion. To determine the point more clearly, two beetles were put into a glass vessel half filled with earth, and upon the surface of the earth a dead linnet. A pair of beetles were soon engaged upon the bird. They began their operation by pushing out the earth from under the body, so as to form a cavity for its reception; and then they labored, by dragging at its feathers from below, to pull it into its grave. The male continued the work alone for five hours. He lifted up the bird, changed its place, turned it, and arranged it in the grave, and from time to time came out of the hole mounted upon it, and trod it under foot, and then retired below, and pulled it down. At length, apparently wearied with this uninterrupted labor, it came forth and leaned its head upon the earth beside the bird, without the smallest motion, as if to rest itself, for a full hour, when it again crept under the earth. The next morning the bird was an inch and a half under ground, and the trench remained open, the whole day, the corpse seeming as if laid out upon a bier, surrounded by a rampart of mould. In the evening, it had sunk half an inch lower; and in another day, the work was completed, and the bird covered.

These experiments have been fully confirmed by naturalists, who have found beetles actually engaged in the operation of burying dead birds; and we may judge of the great extent to which these gravediggers carry on their business from the remarkable fact, that notwithstanding the number of birds that must of necessity die from day to day, it is very rarely that the remains of a sparrow, or a rook, or indeed of any other animal, are to be met with on the surface of the earth. It seems therefore, as it is the province of animalcules to convert the elements of air and water into life, so it is the duty of the worm to take charge of decayed vegetable matter, and of the beetle to garner up dead animal substances, precisely for the same purpose. In the execution of this labor, he has, however, a multitude of assistants in a great variety of other insects, as well as in birds of prey. The rapidity with which the remains of men and other animals are consumed in the deserts, where they frequently perish, is well known. In the course of a few days they become mere skeletons. Thus not only is the earth kept constantly free from the unsightly appearance, and noxious effluvia of animals in which life is extinct, but the substance that once belonged to them is quickly appropriated to the uses of life in myriads of other forms. These forms in their turn perish, and are dealt with in a similar way, and by the operation of this system of economy, all matter is kept in a state of perpetual renovation.

From the imperfection of our knowledge, it is not always in our power to demonstrate the precise functions which particular insects, which have not been closely investigated, perform in the system to which we belong. But from the little we do know, we may conclude without much danger of error, that nothing has life in any of the elements, which is not conducive to the process of rejuvenescence indispensable to the maintenance of the human race, on the sphere on which

it is located. If the functions assigned to the insects, for instance, in transmuting dead animal matter into life, were to be suspended only for a year, the atmosphere would become intolerable, and man would be the victim of a universal pestilence. The work of transformation seems so necessary to the preservation of the system, that it is even carried on not merely by the process of converting death into life, and life into death, but also by the curious operation which enables many animals frequently to shuffle off a portion of their mortal coils, and clothe themselves in new ones before they reach the period assigned to their existence.

The changes which the caterpillar undergoes from the time he leaves the egg until he ascends the air as a butterfly, are familiar to everybody. Many insects pass through similar stages of variation. But there is, in fact, no animal which does not exhibit in its own person, the operation of the same law. The deer has no horns until the age of puberty, and it renews them every year after. Birds are at first clothed in down, then they put on a raiment of feathers, and that apparel is periodically changed. The peacock does not assume his gorgeous robes until his third year, and beautiful as they are in color and elaborate in workmanship, he occasionally loses them, when he must go about for awhile as meanly clothed as a sparrow, but only to reappear in fresh glory. Lobsters, crabs, and other fishes, are obliged to manufacture for themselves new shells every year, just as serpents and other reptiles change their skins.

Man at the age of twenty, retains not a particle of the matter in which his mind was invested when he was born. Nevertheless at the age of eighty years, he is conscious of being the same individual he was as far back as his memory can go. Whatever it be, therefore, in which this consciousness of identity resides, it cannot consist of a material substance, since, if it had been material, it must have been materially changed, and the source of identity must have been destroyed. It is consequently an ethereal spirit, and as it remains the same throughout all the alterations that take place in the body, it is not dependent on the body for its existence; and is thus calculated to survive the ever-changing frame by which it is encircled. That frame becomes stiff, cold, and motionless, when the circulation of the blood ceases; it is consigned to the earth, and is separated by insects into a thousand forms of matter; but the mind undergoes no such transformation. It is unassailable by the worm. If matter, subject as it is to perpetual changes, do not, and cannot possibly perish, how can the mind perish, which knows of no mutation? There is no machinery prepared by which such an object could be accomplished, nor could it be, without an entire subversion of the laws of nature. But as these laws have emanated from the wisdom of the Creator, they could not be altered, much less subverted, without involving an inconsistency, into which it is impossible for Divine wisdom to fall. The acorn is changed into the stately oak, the seed of wheat into the ear bearing fifty of its kind, and waving in the breeze. We can no more recognize the form or the color or the fragrance of the rose, in the plant from which it springs, than we can discern the gayety and the variegated wings of the butterfly in the chrysalis. The beech, the elm, and the chestnut, beneath whose ample shades the herds found protection from the summer sun, in winter, stand like so many skeletons, warring with the tempest. The bud, loosened by the genial season, bursts into a cluster of white and ruby leaves; these decay, and in their place we find another germ,

which becomes in time the peach or the apple.

In the mineral world the same process of transmutation goes on, though the means by which it is effected are not always perceptible to our senses. If we may reason from the operations of the coral insect we should conclude that granite, slate, limestone, and other such substances, are formed bythe agency of animalcules, whose existence our microscopes are not yet sufficiently powerful to bring within our observation. Vegetable matter might thus be converted into coal; and substances extracted from the ocean, into chalk. The very elements are subject to the general law of change. Water expanded into vapor, rises in the atmosphere, and after floating about for awhile descends on the earth in the form of rain, and returns to the deep through a thousand channels. A portion of it, however, stops on the way, fertilizing the fields and gardens, and becomes dew upon the turf, milk in the cow, oil in the olive, wine in the grape, and honey in the flower. Sometimes it appears in the form of snow, sometimes of ice so solid as to afford a highway over seas, lakes, and rivers; sometimes it roams about in the shape of a fragment torn from a mountain, the terror of the mariner. It sings in the brook with the softness of the nightingale, but it can thunder in the Niagara. It is perpetually assuming new forms, and yet the average quantity of it on the earth remains always the same. So it is with all other matter; the quantity that was first created, is, at this moment, notwithstanding all the transformations it has since sustained, precisely of the same weight as when it was then adjusted in the balance of the universe. The earth is the real Phœnix, rising continually from her own ashes.

The preservation of the planet in productive and inexhaustible power, without increase or diminution of its magnitude, is essential to the great purpose for which it was created, that of its being the abode of the human race. Any material alteration in its magnitude would, moreover, necessarily affect its relations to the sun and other planets; and thus we perceive an indisputable connection between the smallest animalcule that lives and the solar system.

It was undoubtedly competent to Omnipotence, to have preserved the earth in its wonted form and size, by means which we might deem less complicated than that vast machinery of quadrupeds, birds, fishes, insects, and animalcules, which he has chosen for his vast design. But we must admit that the extent of that machinery and the divisions and subdivisions of powers which it comprehends, as well as the precision with which it has operated for so many centuries, display in the most striking manner the unerring wisdom and the inexhaustible resources of its Author. The indifference with which men have hitherto looked upon the marvellous system of which they form an essential part, demonstrate the necessity that existed for calling their attention to it every hour and every moment of the day. After a lapse of six thousand years, how few are the persons who look around them with enthusiasm and feel that they behold the Deity in the productions of his hand?

But this perpetual and universal exhibition of intelligence and power, is accompanied also with proofs of benevolence as unbounded as are the other attributes of the Creator. If we may argue from what we know of the higher order of animals, we are entitled to conclude that there is no being whatever admitted within the pale of existence that is not susceptible of

feelings of happiness as well as of pain. The thrill of parental affection is felt throughout the whole system of animation. Bare existence must be attended with pleasure since we see that the smallest animalcule endeavors to escape from the enemies that would destroy it. Man, perhaps of the whole of the tribes of animated forms is, upon the average, the least contented with his lot, though the most perfect in every respect. The more cultivated his mind becomes the less satisfied does he grow with his destiny on this earth, which is, in itself, an indication that the earth is not intended to be his final resting-place. But he shares in the felicity of the inferior races. The cheerful song of the bird reaches his heart; the gambols of the dog, his faithful companion, awaken his kindness. He is delighted to be able to establish an understanding between himself and the horse that bears him through the battle; and to attract by kind treatment to his fireside even the leopard and the lion. All animals have the means of communicating with each other, either by sounds or by gesticulations; where the vocal power is denied it is compensated by antenna; and though the language thus expressed would not be sufficient for the purposes of man, it is as perfect for the uses to which it is applicable as any dialect that we possess. Thus the lower tribes have their enjoyments which they can share with each other as well, perhaps, as we do; and for what object is all this benevolence made manifest? To invite *our* attention, and to teach *us* that the scene on which we live is arrayed in beauty and magnificence, not only that it might charm the heart but also lead the mind to a knowledge of the character and goodness of its Creator. It is here we learn the alphabet by which we shall be enabled to read the volumes of the universe hereafter. It is here we may gather at every step tokens of love which the Deity bears to man, and which from the numberless forms they assume, and the vigilance with which they are incessantly renewed, show that the affection that originally gave them birth would not be satisfied unless it were to be continued throughout eternity. The annihilation of a creature who can in some degree reciprocate that divine attachment is as impossible as the decay of the feeling itself or the extinction of the source from which it emanates.

We can easily believe that the birds and insects might perform their functions quite as well if they had been all clothed in the sombre livery of the ant or the common spider. It may be that the hues in which they appear, each tribe having usually a peculiar vesture of its own, painted from an established model, are necessary for the strict preservation of those boundaries of intercourse which we find observed in every part of the animated creation. But we know, from our own feelings, that we derive a great deal of pleasure from the variety of objects and colors which meet the eye on every side. It gratifies our taste to contrast the humble raiment of our domestic fowl with the gorgeous splendor of the peacock. Those who have travelled in the forests of Hindostan and South Africa and America, have no language adequate to describe the admiration which they experienced on beholding the many shades of beauty that distinguish the plumage of the birds in those regions. Can we doubt that the gratification which man thus actually receives was intended to be produced when the designs were first conceived, according to which every tribe of birds is decorated?

If we turn from the living to what is usually called the inani-

mate world we shall find that it is in truth a world of enchantment. We dare not affirm that the principle of life is limited to objects that have the power of locomotion. It is very well known that certain animals assume periodically all the appearance of death, and that we detect no difference between them when they have actually ceased to live. The wheel animalcule is the tenant of a drop of water, the drop evaporates, and the creature is no longer seen in motion. So he may remain for months, even for years, and yet, if at the expiration of years, moisture be again properly applied to the spot where the element left its occupant, the ethereal spark of life is once more kindled in its organs and it becomes as active as ever. A diseased grain of wheat twenty-seven years old was cut carefully in two and one-half put into a watch-glass nearly filled with water. After the lapse of about six hours it was examined through a microscope, and its white colored contents, instead of a farinaceous substance, proved to be a mass of eels just showing the first signs of life. This surprising fact ought to teach us to hesitate in pronouncing that the principle of existence does not reside in bodies which, to our imperfect vision, have all the appearance of being void of animation. Life has doubtless its gradations in point of energy—from great activity to absolute inertness. That which we call death is in truth but the termination of one stage of life to be instantly followed by another. The system of which man forms an essential part is carried on by incessant transformation, and nothing can die in the ordinary sense of that word. Matter still returns to matter. By an analogous system spirit must return to spirit, and when the body yields up the soul, it must, of necessity, pass to some region where matter is unknown.

SONNET.

Virtue forever frail as fair, below,
Her tender nature suffers in the crowd,
Nor touches on the world without a stain.
The world's infectious; few bring back at eve,
Immaculate, the manners of the morn.
Something we thought, is blotted; we resolved,
Is shaken; we renounced, returns again.
Each salutation may slide in a sin
Unthought before, or fix a former flaw.
Nor is it strange; light, motion, concourse, noise,
All scatter us abroad; thought, outward-bound,
Neglectful of our home affairs, flies off
In fume and dissipation, quits her charge,
And leaves the breast unguarded to the foe.

THE GUESTS OF THE HEART.

Soft falls through the gathering twilight
The rain from the dripping eaves,
And stirs with a tremulous rustle
The dead and the dying leaves;
While afar in the midst of the shadows,
I hear the sweet voices of bells
Come borne on the wind of the autumn,
That fitfully rises and swells.

They call and they answer each other—
They answer and mingle again—
As the deep and the shrill in an anthem
Make harmony still in their strain;
As the voices of sentinels mingle
In mountainous regions of snow,
Till from hilltop to hilltop a chorus
Floats down to the valleys below.

The shadows, the fire-light of even,
The sound of the rain's distant chime,
Come bringing, with rain softly dropping,
Sweet thoughts of a shadowy time:
The slumberous sense of seclusion,
From storm and intruders aloof,
We feel when we hear in the midnight
The patter of rain on the roof.

When the spirit goes forth in its yearnings,
To take all its wanderers home;
Or, afar in the regions of fancy,
Delights on swift pinions to roam,
I quietly sit by the fire-light—
The fire-light so bright and so warm—
For I know that those only who love me
Will seek me through shadow and storm.

But should they be absent this evening,
Should even the household depart—
Deserted, I should not be lonely;
There still would be guests in my heart.
The faces of friends that I cherish,
The smile, and the glance, and the tone,
Will haunt me wherever I wander,
And thus I am never alone.

With those who have left far behind them
The joys and the sorrows of time—
Who sing the sweet songs of the angels
In a purer and holier clime!
Then darkly, O evening of springtime,
Your rain and your shadows may fall;
My loved and my lost ones you bring me—
My heart holds a feast with them all.

ROSE LEBLANC.

Chapter VII.

"So M. André is gone."

"Indeed he is, Jules," Rose answered with a deep sigh.

"He looked very well in his uniform," observed Jules, who had military tastes which his relations did not encourage. "If Madame Bertrand persists in her narrow-minded notions on the subject of the army, I shall enlist some fine day without her knowledge."

"For shame, Jules, you ought to know better than to say such things. Think of what it is to go to Algeria and Africa and the four parts of the world. It is bad enough for those who are obliged to be soldiers whether they like it or not."

"For lovesick youths, perhaps, who think of nothing but their sweethearts," Jules replied. "But without meaning to be rude to you, Mdlle. Rose, I worship glory and not a woman's eyes."

"I wish you joy then," ejaculated a rough voice from the corner of the parlor, where Henri was cleaning his gun.

"Dear me, M. Lacaze, are you there? I beg you a thousand pardons. I had not the least idea you were in the room. Mademoiselle Babet, I hope I see you well," he added, as that worthy spinster came in with a basket full of stockings which she sat down to mend.

"How do you do, Jules? How is Madame Bertrand?"

"Very well, thank you. She is going to-morrow to Betheram to spend two days with her cousin at the Hotel du Lion d'Or. By the by, Madlle. Rose, that reminds me that I was desired to say that my aunt would be truly glad of your company if you felt inclined to accompany her on this little journey."

"Should not I like it!" exclaimed Rose with more vivacity than she had yet shown. "I have wished for ever so long to go to Betheram. M. André was always talking to me about it. There is such a beautiful story about a young girl that was drowning, and the branch that was the means of saving her, and the church that was built in consequence and called Betharam.* I should so like to go there and ask the Blessed Virgin to obtain a favor for me. Aunt Babet, do go and speak to my uncle. He is standing by the beehives. I dare not say a word to him myself, I am in such disgrace with him. Please get me leave to go with Madame Bertrand, there is a good aunt."

"I don't see any use in it," ejaculated Babet in anything but an encouraging manner.

"I have a request to make to our Blessed Lady, Aunt Babet."

"You can pray just as well at home, child, and our Blessed Lady has something better to do than to listen to your foolish requests," indignantly answered Babet, who suspected that the petition in question had some reference to the obnoxious André. She flounced out of the room, and Rose said in a dejected manner, "There's an end of it, Jules. If she will not speak for me to my uncle, there is no use in thinking of it at all. Tell your aunt I am very sorry, and much obliged to her for her kindness."

"I declare it is a perfect shame to use you so, Mdlle. Rose," exclaimed Jules in a passion. "I would not stand it if I were you. Your relations are the most tyrannical, hard-hearted people I ever

* In the patois of the country, Betharam means Fair Branch.

heard of," and he kept directing furious glances at Henri, who kept cleaning his gun without taking the least notice of him. Rose made a sign to him to hold his tongue, but he either did not or would not see it, and went on. "Every one in Pau is talking of their unkindness to you. They all say that it is a great pity that M. André is gone. That if certain persons who shall be nameless had had any good feeling, he might very well have remained here and married you, for everybody knows you are engaged to him. Then they say that you are not allowed to appear in the market-place, or at the balls, or in the Promenade; that nobody sees you now but at church. Some people say that you are locked up in your room and kept on bread and water, but I suppose that is not true, as I found you sitting in the parlor. But at all events they all agree that you are very likely to fall into a consumption; that you are growing pale and thin, and losing your fine spirits. It was only last night that my aunt was saying to Madame Barton and Madame Turieux, whilst they were playing at picquet, 'That poor little Rose Leblanc, ladies, I should not be at all surprised if she was to fall into a decline. There is nothing so dangerous for young girls as to be deprived of all amusement.' M. Firmin, who happened to be there, immediately exclaimed, 'If that was to happen, we should have to say with the poet,—

'She was a rose, and, rose-like, blossomed as a flower;
She was a rose, and, rose-like, withered in an hour.'"

"Begone!" cried Henri, in a thundering voice. "Begone this moment, and don't let me see you here again," and he pointed to the door with no equivocal gesture. Jules, who was by no means deficient in courage, did not seem at all inclined to obey, but a whisper from Rose, combining command with entreaty, prevailed on him to depart without a struggle which must have inevitably compromised his dignity, as the issue would not have been doubtful. As it was, he walked out of the house, vowing revenge in his heart, but with as much *sang froid* as he could command.

After a few moments Henri rose from his seat, and coming up to Rose, who was silently and busily working at her needle, he said, "If you really wish to go to Betharam, I will drive you over there, or you can ride the mule and I will walk."

Rose looked up astonished. "You don't mean that you would do so, Henri? But it would bore you."

"That's my own lookout. I have no objection to go with you if you wish it."

"Will my uncle give me leave?"

"I'll answer for it he will."

"O, dear Henri, how very good of you! Since you have changed your mind about wishing to marry me you are as kind as you used to be a long time ago. How nice it will be to have a ride up into the mountains! I get so out of spirits here sitting all day with Aunt Babet, who seems always ready to bite my nose off."

"You have spent the night over that stitching. Don't attempt to deny it," said Henri, shaking her a little roughly by the shoulder. "What is the meaning of that?"

"Why it means that I want to earn money," answered Rose with a smile.

"What for?"

"Ah, that's my secret. Poor people must work if they want money. I should not wish to spend a whole day pleasuring up in the mountains, if to go to Betharam was not a pilgrimage."

"You are as white as the tablecloth. Throw that work aside: come into the air, into the shade: it is baking hot in this room."

"No, Henri, I had rather not. It makes me sad to look at the

river and at the trees and the flowers."

"And why the devil should it make you sad to look at the beautiful things which God has made?"

"You should not swear, Henri."

"God forgive me! I did not mean it. But you are enough to provoke a saint."

"André used to say such pretty things about what he called 'the works of nature,' that to look at the sky or at the flowers puts me in mind of him, and then I cannot help being so sorry that he is gone."

"A plague upon him and his smooth tongue," muttered Henri in a passion. "I know I have promised M. le Curé to forgive him, but it almost chokes me when I think of it. There she is in tears: that's the very thing I can't stand. I should like to kill that man when I see her cry." He went and snatched out of Rose's hands the work upon which her tears were falling, and threw it out of the window. Then seizing on the box in which she kept her money, he dashed it on the floor and trod upon it.

"Oh, my substitute!" she exclaimed.

"The devil take him!" he cried, kicking the box with violence. "Come out into the garden, and whatever you do, don't cry. That idiot of a woman might turn out to be right if you go on moping in this way. It is enough to drive a man mad;" and he rushed out of the room, leaving Rose to pick up the pieces of five francs which were lying scattered on the floor.

"It is very odd," she soliloquized, "that I should not feel more angry with him. I suppose it is because he has promised to take me to Betharam. We must have patience with people. We have all got our faults. Dear me! how sorrowful he looks. There he is picking up my work, and folding it up so neatly with his great clumsy hands. Now he is walking by the side of the river. I wonder what he is thinking of. He is such a strange creature, one does not know what to make of him. Sometimes he goes into those violent passions, and then the next minute he is as gentle as a lamb. He is very good to me on the whole. I am sure it's very kind of him to take me to Betharam, for he must guess that I mean to ask the Blessed Virgin to take care of André, and that he may soon come back. André *de* Vidal. How nice that sounds! How I long to hear from him! I hope his letters will not be all poetry, because I can't always understand that sort of thing. Let me see now, I must write to him to-day. What shall I say? I think I will put at the beginning what Jules said just now:

'She was a rose, and, rose-like, blossomed as a flower;
She was a rose, and, rose-like, withered in an hour.'

I am sure that must please him, for if that is not poetry, I don't know what is."

Chapter VIII.

For several days running it rained in torrents. The roads into the mountains became almost impassable, and the excursion to Betharam had in consequence to be put off. At last the sun shone forth again in all its southern glory, and on a fine Sunday morning, at break of day, Rose was seated on Fanchette, Henri's handsome Spanish mule, herself dressed in her best clothes, and looking as pretty, though somewhat paler and thinner than she used to do. Henri, with his oaken stick in his hand, walked by her side, occasionally laying hold of her bridle, if there was a brook to ford or a difficult bit of road to cross.

"O dear, how beautiful those mountains are! and those great tall fir-trees, that look as if they were lifting their heads up to the skies."

Henri shrugged his shoulders. He fancied that must be one of André's fine sentences.

"They are not half so pretty," he answered, "as the farm where we stopped just now to look at the cows. That's what I like to see, a lot of fine cows that must produce ever so much butter and cheese; nice well-cultivated fields. I don't know how many haystacks."

"And such a number of trees in the orchard. I counted as many as thirty cherry trees and eighteen plum trees," said Rose, quite ready to give up her admiration for wild scenery and mountain passes.

"I suppose you were counting them just now as you went along with your eyes half shut, and your bridle hanging on Fanchette's neck," answered Henri. "No wonder the old girl stumbled."

"No, I was thinking of something quite different," ejaculated Rose, in a sentimental manner.

"Thinking! dreaming, you mean. That's always the way, women dream and donkeys stumble!"

"Don't pull the bridle so hard, you will hurt Fanchette. Gently, Henri, gently!"

"It is very well to say *gently;* but when a man is fooled to the top of his bent" . . . .

"What do you mean, Henri? what have I said to make you angry?"

"Oh, nothing; nothing. I am not angry; I was only talking nonsense. No, there is only one thing I can't get over."

"What is it?" asked Rose.

"That you were fond of me when you were little."

"Why does that vex you?"

"Why, because it must have been my own fault that you left off caring for me. I see it now that it is too late; and that thought drives me almost wild."

"Why you see you were so very cross."

"I know it. I was a fool, a beast," cried Henri, striking his forehead.

"Oh, I did not say that."

"No, but I feel it. Only, Rose, I did love you so dearly."

"Did you really? well I should never have thought so."

"What, you did not believe I loved you?"

"Well, you were always grumbling and scolding."

"But I loved you so much," he again faintly uttered.

"And now that you are grown so kind and so obliging, it is a proof, I suppose, that you have left off caring for me, which is very lucky, as I am engaged to M. André. But it is really very funny about people who fall in love; they show it in such different ways. It made you cross and disagreeable; and André says it makes him like to go by himself into the fields and woods, and carve my name upon the trees."

"And you call that *love?*" Henri exclaimed, with a bitter sneer. "Would that man give up friends, fortune, life for you? and bless God that he was allowed to do so?"

"Well, I dare say he would," answered Rose; "for he wrote some verses which ended in this way,—

'I saw thee, lovely Rose, the fairest in the glade;
I watched thee, sweetest Rose, in sunshine and in shade;
I loved thee, brightest Rose, ere I could read or spell;
I've loved thee, dearest Rose, far more than words can tell;
I'll love thee, precious Rose, up to my dying hour,
And loving thee, I'll die, O my beloved flower!' "

Henri bit his lip and muttered something very like an anathema against poetry and poets.

"Oh, do not spoil those pretty flowers!" Rose cried out, as he plucked and then tore to pieces the Spanish pinks and wild geraniums which studded the mossy banks on each side of the road. "Give them to me," she said, "and as I go along I will make a nosegay for our Lady's altar at Betharam."

During the remainder of the journey Henri often stepped aside to gather branches of sweetbrier, or of honeysuckle, or of the beautiful alpine rose; anemones also, and as they advanced into the mountains the bright blossoms of the red and blue gentium, and large handfuls of thyme. He tied up these treasures with the blades of the willow grass, and handed them to Rose, whose lap was soon all full of flowers.

At nine o'clock they stopped at the pretty church of the village of Choroaze to hear mass, and afterwards breakfasted under the trees of the little inn, where they had put up the mule. Then, as they proceeded toward Betharam, the road grew more and more picturesque and the scenery more imposing. They ascended the hills, from whose snowy heights a torrent came foaming and dashing down like a steed let loose in "its speed, its fury, and its joy." The air was perfectly still, the azure of the sky unclouded and bright. Towards twelve o'clock they drew near to the fair valley of Betharam, and the time-honored sanctuary where so many generations have knelt and so many prayers been offered up. The church, with its beautiful portal and graceful *façade*, met their eyes as they entered the village of Estelle. It stands at the foot of a mountain which overlooks a whole world of mountains, some of them majestically grand and drearily barren, and others covered with Spanish chestnuts and alders.

"We are arrived," said Henri; "jump off, Rose, and take care of your nosegays. Go into the church and pray, as that is what you are come here for. I must first see to Fanchette, and then I will follow you."

Rose accordingly hastened to the church, where a great many pilgrims were kneeling before the altar of our Lady of Sorrows, and praying with more or less fervor. She took her nosegays out of her apron and laid them at the feet of Mary's image. She also lighted two tapers which she had bought at the door. Then on her knees with clasped hands and uplifted eyes she began to repeat the litany of the Blessed Virgin. When she came to the words, "Comforter of the afflicted, pray for us," she perceived that some one was kneeling by her side and joining in the same prayer. Turning round to see who it was, she recognized the lovely face and graceful figure of the young stranger whom she had met on the market-place of Pau, on the eventful day of the ballot. She wore the same black gauze bonnet and light muslin shawl. Her very fair hair, her delicate features, the snowy whiteness of her thin transparent hands, gave her a likeness to the angels that Perugino loved to paint, or to the pictures of the royal saints of the middle ages. When the litany was ended she withdrew in silence. Her noiseless footsteps were not heard as she glided away over the time-worn pavement which so many tears have watered, and on which so many pilgrims have knelt, since the day that a mother brought her dying children to the ruins of what was once a venerated sanctuary; and, like that glorious Cananitish woman in the Gospel, found the reward of "her great faith."

Rose looked round and suddenly missed from her side the gentle Alice. "I declare I think it is a vision," she inwardly exclaimed, glancing at the same time round the church in the hopes of seeing her again. "I always think of her when I pray for André, and to-day I have actually seen her. Perhaps it is his guardian angel."

These reflections occasioned her some distractions, and not being used to very long prayers, after having repeated the few she knew by heart, and added to them a short

but fervent petition for André's welfare and his speedy return, she left the church.

A mountain rises on the left side of the sanctuary, and on the road that leads to its summit the stations of the cross are erected. A Calvary with an immense crucifix stands in the centre of the platform of this hill, and the most indifferent traveller can hardly help bending the knee as he arrives at the foot of that solitary cross. The view from the height is wild in the extreme. Mountain over mountain stretches in the distance, and not a trace of human habitations or human labor is to be seen in any direction, save the sign of man's redemption, and the rude stone wellnigh worn out by the pilgrims' knees at his foot. Rose knelt down at the first chapel near the foot of the hill. A little higher up Henri was slowly ascending the winding pathway, and stopping to pray at every station on his way. What was he so fervently seeking to obtain, that strong, true-hearted man, whose rough visage and stalwart form seemed to set at defiance all human weakness? He was praying that God would give him strength to bear the heavy weight of sorrow at his heart; strength to forgive, to love, and to endure; strength to hide his sufferings and the tears which anguish was wringing from his manly soul at the foot of the cross, "our only hope"—"spes unica," as the Church sings in her days of mingled mourning and exultation. He was weeping for the first time since his childhood. He had fought a fierce battle with himself, and those burning tears were as the raindrops which fall on the scorched ground after the lightning has scathed it. The long struggles of years found a vent in those tears.

And that fair girl whose angel face was haunting Rose as a celestial vision, what was she doing on the Way of Sorrows, on the road to Calvary; she whose eyes beamed with the azure light of a summer sky, and on whose lips hovered a smile bright as the opening dawn? She had nearly reached the top of the mountain and was leaning against a rock, her rosary in her hand, her slight tall figure gilded by the rays of the noon-day sun; the mountain breeze waving the curls of her golden hair; faith, hope, and charity guiding her steps; the Christian's motto, "Excelsior," stamped on her virgin brow.

Alice first, then Henri, and lastly Rose, reached the platform where the Calvary stands. The three pilgrims knelt together at the foot of the crucifix. Henri kissed the feet of our Lord and went away. The two girls prayed for a few moments, and when they arose, Alice smiled and saluted Rose. They soon entered into conversation, and descended the hill together.

"We made acquaintance," Alice said, "in a market-place, amidst the noise and the confusion of a busy town, and to-day we meet again at the foot of a solitary cross in a desert."

"It is very true," Rose answered. "Nothing can be more unlike than Pau and this mountain. But shall we see you again in Pau, Mademoiselle?"

"We are birds of passage, Mdlle. Rose. You see I learnt and have remembered your name: and to-morrow, alas! the odious railway train will carry me away from your beautiful Pyrenees."

"Oh, how sorry I should be to think that I should never see you again! But you are very lucky, Mademoiselle, to be allowed to travel. I should like so much to see a large town; like Bordeaux, for instance."

"Oh, don't wish any such thing," exclaimed Alice. "For those who are born and have lived amidst the

hills and the rocks, a city is a prison. It is like shutting up a bird in a cage."

"Do you really think so?" Rose asked somewhat incredulously.

"Oh, yes: are not these great trees which God has made, these flowers with their delicious perfume," and Alice stooped to gather a handful of the fragrant mountain thyme, "a thousand times pleasanter than streets and houses?"

"Well, you may be right, Mademoiselle. Your home is in the country, I suppose. Jules Bertrand told us that you lived in a fine chateau, a great way off from Pau."

"And who may Jules Bertrand be?"

"He is the nephew of Madame Bertrand, the milliner in the High Street; a youth who showed you the way that day to the Convent of the Ursulines."

"True; I remember him very well. He would not take the money which my grandfather offered him. Do you think you could prevail upon him to accept one of these rosaries, Mdlle. Rose? We have just had them blest at the altar of the Blessed Virgin."

"Won't he be proud, Jules," cried Rose, taking the rosary which Alice was holding out.

"And you, Mdlle. Rose, might I venture to ask you to wear this medal in remembrance of the pilgrimage we have made to-day to our dear Lady's shrine?"

"Ah," said Rose, coloring with pleasure, "if I only knew your name, I would always mention it in my prayers."

"Alice," said the young stranger, as she smiled and walked away.

"I am not quite sure yet that she is not an angel," ejaculated Rose, as she followed her with her eyes along the road to the village. "In any case, I am glad she gave me a medal. I am sure it will bring me a blessing," and she placed it in her bosom after kissing it several times.

An hour later she was dining with her cousin at a little table before the inn, under the shade of the acacia trees, when a calèche went by. It was Alice and her grandfather who were driving away. "Can you tell me the name of those travellers, sir?" said she to the waiter who had just set down the soup.

"I don't know anything about them," he answered in a contemptuous manner; "they put up at the Lion d'Or. A sorry idea they will have of the hotels of Betharam."

A commercial traveller, who was smoking at the next table, took his pipe out of his mouth, and said in a consequential manner, "It is the Baron de Vidal and his granddaughter, Mdlle. de Morlaix."

"The Baron de Vidal!" exclaimed Rose with astonishment. "Is it possible?" and she fell into a deep brown study.

"Come, it is time to be off," said Henri, and he went to the stable to saddle the mule.

Chapter IX.

"How very much obliged I am to you, Henri, for having brought me to Betharam," said Rose, as once more seated on the mule she rode off from the inn door.

"Nonsense," answered Henri. "Take care of the loose stones," and he whistled as he went along, as if to drown his own thoughts.

For an hour they proceeded on their way home without speaking. The high rocks on each side of the road sheltered them from the afternoon sun. The tinkling of the donkey's bells kept time with the rushing sound of the torrents, which in many places were so increased by the recent rains that the road was covered with water. In the morning, Rose had crossed these little brooks with a smile, and been

amused to see Henri wading through them in his thick boots, whilst she gathered up her little feet not to wet her ribboned shoes. But now, whether it was that the emotions of the day had reacted on her spirits, or that the falling shades of evening cast a gloom on the narrow ravines they were passing through, she felt anxious and depressed, and kept shutting her eyes in order not to look at the precipices.

As they were descending the hill from Irun to Choroaze, Henri made a sudden exclamation, and turned as pale as death. "For heaven's sake, jump off this moment!" he cried, and Rose felt herself lifted off the saddle, and placed on a bank on the side of the road. A dreadful landslip was taking place. The road gave way completely. The stones of the causeway and large heaps of earth were falling into the torrent with a horrible noise. The mule disappeared amidst the fragments of loose rock, and the two travellers stood transfixed for a few moments, but feeling as if the ground was giving away under their feet. In another instant it became evident that this was really the case. The bank on which they were standing began to rock. There was not a second to lose. "Put your arms round my neck," said Henri, "say as many Hail Maries as you can, and take care not to lose your hold."

Then laden with his precious burden, like a father who in sport carries his child on his back, he sprung forward and scaled the nearly perpendicular side of the mountain amidst rolling stones, uprooted trees, and showers of earth, which impeded his steps and often obscured his sight. The torrent, checked in its course by the heavy masses of rock which had fallen into its bed, was roaring in his ears like a wild beast struggling for freedom.

How he made his way up that steep acclivity, how he broke through the manifold obstacles in his path, God only knows, or what silent and intense prayers rose from his throbbing heart during that perilous ascent. At last by a desperate effort he reached a spot where the ground was secure, and quite overcome by this exertion laid Rose down on the turf, and was almost stupified with terror when he saw that she was as pale as a corpse, and that her face was covered with blood; having been torn by the brambles and the branches of the pine trees. He threw himself on his knees beside her, repeating her name in a loud voice, and using every means he could think of to recall her to her senses, which were paralyzed by fear. Rose heard him, but had not strength to answer, nor even to make a sign.

"My God," cried Henri, while tears fell from his eyes on the young girl's forehead, "my God, let her come to life again! I promise not to torment her any more, and to make her happy, whatever it may cost me. Yes, Lord! I will do whatever is thy holy will, and whatever she wishes, if Thou wilt only grant her life, and not let her die here on the mountain without help and without sacraments."

Rose here opened her eyes like a child awaking from sleep, and held out her hand to him. "I am not going to die," she murmured.

"Ah, God has heard me," cried Henri, in a voice that was half joyful and half sad. "He has taken me at my word; there can be no drawing back now."

Rose, however, understood not a word that he was saying, and again lost all consciousness. Meanwhile their present position was a very perilous one, and Henri began debating in his mind how they were to get out of it. Rose would have needed all her strength and agility

at any time to make her way through the brushwood to the road, and Henri would not risk carrying her in her present weak state among the shrubs and brambles where a single false step would have been fatal. He was, therefore, obliged to content himself with tying her red handkerchief to a tree, by way of a signal, and wrapping round her throat one which he took from his own neck; for a heavy dew was beginning to fall, and poor Rose, though she was now gradually recovering her consciousness, was shaking with cold and extreme exhaustion. Henri hoped that by waving his banner he might succeed in attracting the notice of some of the people who had gathered round the place of the accident, and, accordingly, after a few seconds, which seemed to him like hours, several of the peasants perceived the signal, and two of them, by means of a winding path, reached the platform, where Rose was shivering as she leant against a tree for support. They placed her on a litter which they had constructed hastily, and one of the peasants helped Henri to carry it while the other acted as guide. After a long and very laborious walk they regained the road and went into a house, where Henri left Rose while he went to look for a carriage at Choroaze. The kind offices of the woman of the house soon revived the poor girl a little, for she had only been overpowered by fear and agitation, but she still wept, and lamented the loss of the mule, which she said must assuredly have perished in the Gave.

"You must not make yourself so miserable, child," said the peasant woman, "for you have had a narrow escape you two, and if I were you I should consider that I had come off cheap with only the loss of a mule; it is very lucky that the poor beast did not take you with him when he fell. The Blessed Virgin must have come to your assistance."

"It must have been because I begged of her so hard to help me this morning," replied Rose thoughtfully. "It was about something else though."

"Ah, but you see Almighty God can make the Blessed Virgin understand all our wishes and our needs; we ask for one thing, and she gives us another; and whatever happens is always for the best."

"But Henri was so fond of his mule."

"It is all very well to be fond of animals; but we should not weep for them as if they were Christians," said the good woman, seeing that Rose was beginning to sob again. "My boy, who saw the catastrophe, said it was quite a miracle that the young man was able to climb straight up the mountain-side with a girl hanging to his neck; he says it made him quite giddy to look at it."

"My God!" exclaimed Rose, turning very pale; "then we were indeed near death! it makes one shudder to think of it!" She closed her eyes, and did not open them again till Henri returned from Choroaze with a car and a boy to drive. Having taken an affectionate leave of their kind hostess, they started on their homeward journey. Rose could scarcely hold up her aching head, so she laid it on her cousin's shoulder, and ended by falling asleep. Every now and then she opened her eyes and cast a bewildered glance on the mountain-tops, the forests of black pine-trees, and the broken reflections of the moon on the waters of the torrent. Then Henri would tell her to calm herself and go to sleep, just as if he had been hushing a frightened child. It was a cold night, and a deep stillness, unbroken save by the noise of the torrent, reigned throughout those valleys, which, linked one to the

other, widen by degrees, and end by spreading out into the plain of Pau. Henri could scarcely endure the slow pace of the horse and the length of the road. At last the lights in the old tower of Henri IV and the turrets of the castle came in sight, and further off the church steeple of Jurançon.

"We are almost there," he said, and Rose tried to smile.

"Here you are at last," cried Babet, coming out on the doorstep with a lantern in her hand.

"Thank God!" answered Henri; "we have been very near losing her," added he, lowering his voice as he helped Rose to alight. He thought no more of his own danger than of the loss of his mule.

"Holy Virgin!" cried Babet; "and where is Fanchette?"

"At the bottom of the Gave, poor beast! We had enough to do to save ourselves, and we two escaped almost by a miracle. Why, Rose, how flushed you are! just now you were shaking with cold."

"Her hands are burning," said Babet; "the child is feverish."

Yes, Rose was feverish; Rose was ill; Rose was delirious. And all night long she muttered things which had no common sense in them, as Babet, who watched beside her, pronounced. Twice in her sleep she called Henri, who was anxiously watching at the door of her room, so as to be ready to go for the doctor if necessary. She whispered in his ear and held his hand between hers.

"She takes me for André," he said to himself in a low voice, and drawing away his hand he went and leant against the wall on the other side of the bed.

Towards morning the fever increased and the doctor was summoned. For several days Rose was seriously ill. Babet hovered round her. M. Dumont went up to her room every five minutes; Henri spoke to no one; worked harder than ever, and towards evening would go into the church and kneel down in a dark corner. The house seemed very dismal now that it was no longer enlivened by the songs and merry laugh of the little fruitseller, the grumblings of Babet and the warbling of her canary birds, whose cage, now covered over with their mistress's great shawl, was as silent by day as by night. Even Henri's dog would scarcely wag his tail when his master called him. Every day Jules came softly to ask after the health of the invalid, and carry the news to the frequenters of the bridge, whose meetings were no longer merry.

"It is sorrow that is killing her," said one.

"It is the fright she got the day that the road crumbled from under her," asserted another.

"It is very sad in any case," sighed M. Charles.

"You should say rather that it is tragical," cried M. Firman; "I always prophesied that our Rose would wither away like a true rose."

"Do have done with your verses, M. Firman," said Jules angrily; "do you consider it a time to be making fine speeches when the poor girl is dying, perhaps?"

Madame Vidal was much grieved when she heard of Rose's illness; she longed to see her, but was withheld from going by a fear of the reception she might expect to receive from Babet. Rose, meanwhile, lay prostrate with fever; she constantly fancied herself on the brink of a precipice, and would cry out that her feet were slipping and that she should fall over. Then she would implore Henri to come and help her, and could not be calmed unless he held her hand or supported her head; once she looked at him fixedly, and then burst into tears. The Curé and Sister Theresa came to see her; their visits did her good, and very

slowly she began to recover. Sleep returned to her, and by degrees her strength also. One beautiful morning in autumn they carried her into the garden; she was still very weak, but the air seemed to revive her. Henri brought her some flowers, a beautiful crested hen, and a bullfinch in a cage. As she was caressing the bird with her little thin hand, the thought of the mule came across her again. She turned quite white and shuddered.

"I was thinking of the poor beast that is dead," said she, "and how you saved my life that terrible day."

"Life!" said Henri, but not loud enough for her to hear, "life is not worth much without happiness."

"There is the postman," exclaimed Rose suddenly.

Henri got up and went to meet him. "Look," said he, as he came back to her, "here is some happiness for you, perhaps;" and he put a letter into her hands. A feeling of delicacy made him withdraw to a little distance while she read it, and when he returned to her side he saw that she had been weeping. "Don't cry," said he, rather sharply. "In a few days you shall be happy, Rose!"

"Oh, no," answered Rose; "I feel that I shall never be happy again."

"Do not talk such nonsense! When at the top of the mountain, in the face of death, I promised God that I would make you happy; do you think I did not mean it?"

"Oh, no, I know how good you are; there is nobody in the world so good," cried Rose.

"Well, be merry then. Laugh as you laughed a month ago, and sing as you used to sing to put me in a rage when I scolded you."

"Oh, if you would but scold me again, only for once," said Rose, hiding her face in her hands.

"Well, then, let me see you open this directly," replied he, taking Rose's money-box out of her work-basket.

"What for?"

"To obey me."

"Oh, in that case I will. Give me your knife." She made a slit at the bottom of the box and widened it with her fingers. The contents rolled out upon the table; no less than forty-five pieces of gold.

"It is for a substitute," said Henri coldly, as Rose looked up at him quite bewildered.

"For André?" asked she, almost breathless.

"Yes, for André," he repeated in a constrained voice.

"Oh, what do you mean?"

"To-morrow morning I start for Bordeaux, and I shall take this money to André, and shall tell him at the same time of a man I know of who will take his place, and in a few days he will come back to marry you."

"No, no, Henri; I entreat you to take back the money. I will earn enough to set him free myself; I cannot and will not owe it to your generosity and goodness of heart."

"And then what becomes of my promise, the promise I made to God; do you think I do not care about fulfilling it? Who knows, Rose, whether you or I or André have long to live? Twice within the last month you have been very near death, my poor child. I swore to make you happy, and I must do it as I value my salvation. God only knows what I suffered during those days when you were at the point of death. And now let nothing more be said. You shall marry André, and be happy: you will forgive me for what I have made you suffer, and not be angry with me any more."

"Angry with you! oh, Henri!"

"And whenever you may feel inclined to resent my past roughness and unkindness, perhaps you will try to think leniently of me, remembering the sacrifice I have made."

"Henri, dear Henri!"

"Come, do not cry: that will do no good either to you or me. We will never speak of what is past; and will be friends whether we are near each other or far apart."

"Far apart! what do you mean, Henri?"

"I mean to say that you may always reckon upon my affection." . . .

He paused, and passed his hand across his forehead; and, after a moment's silence, added—

"On the affection of a brother . . . . who loves you."

The following day Henri started for Bordeaux, and Rose returned to her daily occupations in her uncle's house. But while Babet went about as usual, and the sun shone, and the birds sang, and the dog snored, and the children sported on the village green, and the insects on the banks of the stream, Rose, the merriest of all the maidens of Pau and its environs, was silent, and often heaved a deep sigh; the uncertainty of the future seemed to weigh heavily on her spirits. Six times in an hour she would read André's letter, which certainly was not the way to get on with her work; she seemed to be learning it by heart. But whether it pleased her, or the reverse, remained a mystery which she revealed neither to Babet nor any one else. It would appear, however, that she confided the secret to Henri's old dog; for twice she took his rough head between her hands and pressed it to her heart.

(To be continued.)

PASSING.

Thou passest by the bloomy spaces
Where, bathed in dew, the sumptuous rose
Among her sisters dreams and glows;
By fields where frolic zephyr traces
Light furrows o'er the bending grain,
Thou passest—coming not again.

By whispering wood-walks—copses green—
Those twinkling glooms, so cool and still,
Where blithe birds sing their loves, and fill
The shade with gladness most serene—
And by the brook whose babble greets
Thine ear, thy swift foot silent fleets.

By wrecks of time—by scenes of sorrow—
By pleasure, rapture, and despair—
By all that shapes this life of care—
The bright to-day, the dark to-morrow:
Nor till the grave's green sod is pressed,
Thy hasting, weary foot shall rest.

HOW TO ENCOURAGE PUBLIC VIRTUE.

It is generally admitted that nowadays scholars are not easier to manage, but more easily managed than in former days. If the reasons be studied which have given rise to so laudable a change, it will be found that within the last twenty years the problem to be solved has been: How shall we reward our good boys, and not, how shall we punish the evildoers. In other words, teachers seek to make industry attractive, by rewarding those who give evidence thereof. Among teaching bodies, the problem received its solution at a much earlier period than where individual experience was left to seek a "short route" to the hearts of scholars. This accounts for the great superiority of the command which religious teachers have for centuries had over their scholars, and for the success which in our own day attaches to the method seeking to produce the greatest amount of good instead of the least amount of evil. It may be permitted us to assert that if crime is so prevalent, while we are led to believe public virtue so rare, it is because we seek to restrain the former, and do not encourage the latter. In this country the public press seeks rather to horrify us by the recital of evil, than to encourage us by calling attention to such acts of heroism or virtue as may come under notice. That this is wrong, a slight acquaintance with human nature will teach us. It is for this reason that it affords us so much pleasure to lay before our readers a short account of a series of prizes lately awarded by the French Academy to a number of persons who had distinguished themselves by remarkable self-sacrifice, or extraordinary perseverance in the pursuit of some good, bearing on the welfare of their neighbor. How much better did governments busy themselves with framing of laws for the reward of virtue rather than the concocting of penal statutes for the punishment of crime? While many practice virtue for its own sake, there are doubtless not a few who would be spurred on by the hope of some recompense. The late James Gordon Bennett has left in his will a certain sum to be spent annually for the distribution of rewards to certain classes of heroes, we believe to firemen in particular. Doubtless the man who knew how to find Dr. Livingston in African fastnesses, also knew the best method of reaching the human heart, apart from motives of religion. There is something in the idea of glory which cannot fail to inflame the latent embers of manhood in the most ordinary mortal, and when this idea of glory is coupled with the hope of gain, there is scarcely anything too difficult to be undertaken. It is sad to think that men will not work, in certain cases, for higher motives than earthly renown; but, which is better, to make an example of an individual because he has fallen into crime, and then tell him to go and sin no more, or rather promise him that after a certain number of months or years of good conduct he will receive such or such a reward? It was with real pleasure we noticed, among the papers lately presented at the Prison Congress in Baltimore, one in which the Catholic Protectorate of New York gave, through its rector, Brother Teliou, proof that the policy we advocate is the real key to success, with a class of persons with whom the law has had no other effect than that of inspiring

momentary dread. In this admirably conducted institution, now counting thirteen hundred boys under its charge, the hope of gain and the love of reputation are the chief means employed to bring back these waifs of society.

In France, as we have remarked above, the Academy has decorated several persons who, despite their obscure surroundings, have been brought forward to the admiring gaze of a delighted and edified public. There a certain number of wealthy persons have presented funds, the interest of which is annually spent in awarding "prizes of virtue." We should like very much to present our readers also with a synopsis of the telling speech, delivered by the Duc de Noailles at the presentation of these prizes, but the following paragraph must suffice: "While on the point of addressing you in reference to those acts of private virtue to which, each year, are awarded just recompense, my mind rests in presence of so many acts, otherwise striking, of patriotic virtue, shown in our midst during our late misfortune. In presence of their number and the impossibility under which we labor of enumerating all, let us be permitted to pay here the tribute of our general admiration, so justly their due."

M. Hardy, a carpet-weaver, was among the honored recipients of prizes. During the German invasion, this gentleman distinguished himself by his devotedness to the prisoners of war. By industry he had acquired a little fortune, which permitted him, in a quiet way, to accomplish much good. He entered into communication with the German officers, and by his affability obtained permission to enter the prisons, and to converse with the inmates. To console them and their friends seemed a labor of love; he procured permission for the prisoners to correspond with their distant relatives, even undertook to amuse the prisoners, and never abated his kind offices till his countrymen were sent into Germany.

It would take too long to relate the many touching episodes in this good man's career. The many letters he has received from those he had consoled, and the testimony of the German authorities themselves, are the best evidences of the estimation in which he is held. The gift of a gold medal presented him by the city of Versailles testifies to his worth; the Academy joined thereto a prize of two thousand francs.

Another example of indefatigable charity, crowned by the French Academy, hails from Guiana. An old lady named Toussaint, born a slave, aged to-day eighty-eight years, has consecrated her prolonged existence to the succor of her neighbors. Her color has had nothing to do with the generosity of her acts, and the Academy has judged with justice in awarding, without regard to race or shade, a prize to this heroic old colored lady. Employed from her childhood in the dressing of wounds and sores, she seemed to take a special delight in this repulsive work. When liberated, as she was in 1802, as a reward for her heroic devotedness during the yellow fever epidemic, she continued the work which previously she had selected as her own. This terrible malady found her the same when its ravages were renewed in 1850 and 1856; and the small-pox, a disease still more dreadful to the natives, gave her on two occasions opportunities for the practice of the most intrepid bravery.

The municipal council of her native place, the apostolic prefect, the clergy, the charitable ladies of the city, are united in presenting Mad. Toussaint's claims for decoration to the Academy; she has received a prize of two thousand francs.

Still another example from a distance. Louis Soliveau, born a slave in Guadeloupe, purchased his liberty, but remained with his master, who had always treated him kindly. When the master's means became reduced, the liberated slave proved himself a true friend. Thanks to Soliveau, want never passed the threshold of his master's dwelling. Gifted with intelligence, and without having had any chance to learn a trade, he succeeded by dint of industry to execute various kinds of handicraft, the proceeds of which procured for him considerable affluence. Though married, and in charge of a numerous family, he placed his earnings at the service of his master's widow, who, after the loss of her husband, was in very reduced circumstances. The most beautiful testimony that could be rendered Soliveau was given him, when his former mistress, also dying, gave into his charge a child still under age. Soliveau proved himself worthy of this confidence; took care of the education of his young ward, and preserved intact the little property left by the deceased parent, sternly refusing any remuneration for his services as guardian. As a public acknowledgment of his personal worth, Soliveau has been elected a member of the municipal council by his admiring fellow-citizens. The Academy presented him with a prize of two thousand francs.

The Academy also awarded a prize of one thousand francs to each of the following persons: Françoise Bon, Hiline Chollet, and Henriette Fruchon; all three remarkable for their domestic virtues. The first has, during thirty years, served the same family, which has been all along in very straitened circumstances, without wages, and has refused lucrative offers rather than abandon those relying in part upon her generosity. The second supports her former masters, now fallen into poverty, and who by their advanced years are no longer able to provide for themselves. The third is passionately devoted to her mistress, who, with her children, has been abandoned by a heartless husband. Only lately has her task ceased. After fifty years of service she buried her mistress, who died in her arms.

Next in order, two institutions will call for our attention. The first belongs to Mlle. Hello, of Dinan, aged seventy-three years, who has consecrated herself for over fifty years to the education of poor children. Placed at the head of a workshop for girls, by two priests, who had established this industrial home, Mlle. Hello saved the institution, after the death of its founders, by taking entire control of it herself. Though poorly favored by fortune, she undertook the care and direction of thirty children, whom she teaches reading, writing, sewing, &c., while instilling into their juvenile hearts the principles and practice of religion and morality. Aided by a few charitable friends, she has thus reared a large number of children, over whom she retains great influence, after they have left her supervision; she is then well entitled to the prize of one thousand francs, awarded her by the French Academy.

The second institution calling for attention is due to the charitable generosity of Mlle. Douy, at Crouysur-Ourcq. She belonged to a modest family, and from her earliest years took delight in visiting the sick and unfortunate, dividing with them her scanty means. She refused to marry, that she might devote herself exclusively to the poor, and during the cholera of 1832 she manifested the utmost heroism. But we have here to mention her greatest act of abnegation. She had entered the service of a wealthy lady, over whom she soon

acquired great influence, which she turned to account in all charitable undertakings. This lady, charmed by the virtues of her servant, desired to leave her a large fortune; but Mlle. Douy, who was already provided for by a kind brother and sister, labored incessantly in favor of her clients, the poor, and obtained from her mistress the promise, that her fortune should be expended in the founding of an hospital for the sick, the aged, and debilitated. The hospital was founded, and contained twenty-four beds. At the death of the foundress, Mlle. Douy, intrusted with the perpetuation of the work, continues it to this day with a devotedness which all admire, and still she finds time to go abroad and to visit the poor in their garrets and cellars, the homes of misery and distress.

The Academy has awarded her a prize of one thousand francs, the gift of M. Sourian.

Eleven medals of five hundred francs, and six of three hundred francs, were also distributed to persons who signalized themselves in various ways by their devotedness to the welfare of their neighbor. As the premiums had not been given during the year in which Paris was besieged, a larger amount was on hand for distribution than ordinarily. Thus has the French nation decorated those who either in moral, physical, or literary ways, may have practiced the virtue of charity.

A prize of two thousand francs was given M. Ferdinand Fabre, author of a romance entitled *Des Courbezon*, describing various scenes in the clerical life, and evidently inspired by a most excellent spirit. Certain romances having been issued for the purpose of throwing ridicule on the clerical state, M. Fabre concluded very justly that a counter romance would be the best reply, and his work having been crowned by the Academy, must be fully up to the standard it should have attained to fulfil its object. Why could not this book be translated? Would it not be the best response to the insinuations of that "journal of civilization," whose aim is to lie "early, late, and often?"

As a conclusion to this article, we propose to lay before our readers the account, as given by the Duc de Noailles, of the grandest prize awarded at the sitting of the Academy, the Boston prize awarded to the Brothers of the Christian Schools.

In galleries of paintings there should be some central masterpiece, around which the minor works cluster as so many additional but supplemental charms. Thus is it in the "prizes of virtue" about which we have undertaken to write. Around the heroic devotedness of the Christian Brothers, as a body, all the minor traits we have given cluster, receiving lustre from the centrepiece about which they radiate.

"The ties which unite us," says the Duc de Noailles, "to the United States, date from their birth. If their distance, their interests, their maritime power, make them almost our natural political allies, the sentiments which this great nation has just manifested towards us, in remembrance of those we formerly declared to them, make her our perpetual sympathetic and fraternal ally."

This prize is made up in a subscription representing all classes of society in Boston. It is a means of expressing the respect which the Americans entertain for the courage, the generosity, and the devotedness manifested by the French during the siege of the capital. The sum amounts to two thousand francs. The Academy received it with emotion and gratitude, and these sentiments have been expressed in terms deserved by a gift of such a nature.

"Now, to whom shall we present this exceptional prize? We say with pride, when we consider the number of acts of courage and devotedness, these appear so numerous that a choice seems impossible. In our researches we have found but one thing among us,—equality in patriotism. It was then that we thought of giving to this prize a character as little personal, and as collective as possible. We have awarded it to an entire body, as modest as it is useful, which everybody knows and everybody admires, and which, in these latter days, has acquired for itself true glory by its devotedness. We wish to speak of the Institute of the Brothers of the Christian Schools."

In reflecting on this we have been struck by a coincidence which many will doubtless have noticed. Boston vicinity owed it to itself to remove the stain left by convent-burners and "smelling" committees. That debt has been paid. In the decorating of the Brothers of Christian Schools, Boston has fully repaired the insult previously offered to a body of religious, who, like the Brothers, devote themselves to the practice of such acts as intelligent Americans and discriminating academicians love to honor.

What a glory for the Catholic Church has shone forth in the last quarter of a century! She needs no other proof of her divine mission than the virtues which she causes to spring up and develop in the hearts of those who follow her doctrines. In the very centre of worldliness, in Paris, has she manifested that no infection can destroy her vitality. A martyred prelate and massacred Dominicans may speak the terrible passions of the hour, but above all the din of momentary frenzy is heard the voice of hope, exclaiming, Be faithful, and here will be your crown. To the instructed Catholic, no such rewards as we have spoken of will be necessary, but it is not the less consoling to perceive that where such rewards are presented, it is that to those the world calls *unpatriotic*, to priests and brothers, that the largest share is allotted, thus demonstrating that he alone can be truly a great lover of his fellow-men who has drawn inspiration from the divine source whence all love proceeds.

Our dying friends come o'er us like a cloud,
To damp our brainless ardors, and abate
That glare of life which often blinds the wise.
Our dying friends are pioneers, to smooth
Our rugged pass to death; to break those bars
Of terror and abhorrence Nature throws
'Cross our obstructed way; and thus to make
Welcome, as safe, our port from every storm.
. . . . . Smitten friends
Are angels sent on errands full of love;
For us they languish, and for us they die;
And shall they languish, shall they die in vain?

JEAN BAPTISTE MARIE.

THERE is strange power to move the heart in the thought that one of our own race, sex, rank, has, amid the same temptations with which we ourselves are beset, fought a long weary battle in the world, conquered the weakness of the flesh, and risen victorious over the power of the devil; and finally, it may be, is raised on the altars of the Church for our imitation and invocation. And if the remembrance of those who in earlier times have attained to the crown of sanctity, gives us such courage, what may we not feel when we read of those who in our own day have dwelt among us as hidden saints, living representatives of Jesus Christ, bearing witness to Him in this age of unbelief?

In the last century, about 1770, a poor beggar sought shelter for the night at a humble cottage in the village of Dandilly, near Lyons, where lived a laborer and his wife of the name of Vianney. They were poor, but very hospitable, and never turned away from their door, so he rested and passed on his way, leaving a blessing behind him.

Sixteen years after this, when the poor beggar had become the Blessed Benedict Joseph Labre, a sixth child was born in the humble cottage, May 8th, 1786, and baptized the same day by the name of Jean Baptiste Marie. His mother dedicated him from his birth to the service of the Altar, and lost no opportunity of drawing his young heart towards God. "My little Jean Marie," she used to say, "it would give me great pain were I to see you offend our good God;" and in truth the child's heart was early filled with a love of holy things, and specially with that relish for solitude which the saints have ever felt. At three and four years old he would hide himself to pray alone, and up to the time when the Revolution shut the doors of the churches and hunted down their priests, he showed such devotion at Mass that the neighbors remarked, one to another, he must surely be meant for a priest. His first communion was made at eleven years old, at one of the midnight Masses, then celebrated in secrecy and fear from house to house during the reign of terror; and then the child returned home to spend more years of work among his young companions; years which he seems to have considered among the happiest in his life—for he then prayed continually while working in the fields; and when the others slept, he would lie down with them and seem to sleep, while in reality his soul was communing with God, wrapped in meditation.

When the churches were reopened, the new curé of the parish, one of those saintly priests who had continued his ministries in secret at the peril of his life, under the Reign of Terror, took him under his protection, and he began to undergo a course of instructions, preparatory to the regular training of the Seminary. It was soon discovered that not only was poor Jean Marie profoundly ignorant, but he seemed not even to have the capacity for receiving instruction, and he himself almost despaired of attaining sufficient knowledge to enable him to become a priest. However, he bethought himself that what was impossible by natural means might be gained by supernatural help; so he set out on a pilgrimage to the tomb of St. John Francis Regis, begging food and shelter as he went; and his perseverance and faith were rewarded, for on returning home,

he found that all his difficulties had vanished, and he was able to study sufficiently well.

Not long after this, a more serious hindrance again put a stop to his efforts. The conscription began, and although Jean Marie's good master, the Curé d'Ecully, had sent up his pupil's name for inscription on the register of the Seminary, by some unaccountable mistake this was never done, and he was carried off with the other young men of the place, to serve under the Emperor. His grief was so great that he fell ill, and was therefore left behind for six weeks in hospital. At last he recovered sufficiently to join his regiment, and on the morning when they were to start for Spain, Jean Marie went to pray in a church, as was his custom, forgot the hour, and found himself again left alone. So he applied for a certificate, and set off on foot to join his regiment, with a very heavy heart, and many fears lest on arriving he should be put in chains as a deserter, according to the usual practice.

While he was walking on, rosary in hand, a stranger came up to him and asked him some questions as to where he was going, and why so sad, after which he desired the young man to follow him, and leading the way, took him through woods and desert places for many miles, until they arrived at a lonely house, when, after saying a few words, the stranger disappeared, leaving Jean Marie to the care of a most hospitable shoemaker and his wife, who kept him that night, and next day passed him on to a small village called "Les Noës."

Here he was presented to the mayor, who received him very kindly, assured him of his protection, and sent him to lodge with a good widow woman, with whom he remained for more than a year, under the name of Jerôme, working in the fields, teaching in the school, and making himself very useful. He won all hearts, both by his diligence and extraordinary piety, and when, at length, it was considered safe for him to return home, the whole village grieved to lose him.

We may pass rapidly over his life at the Seminary before ordination. He was almost equally remarkable for his piety and his want of intellectual power. He failed in his examinations, however light, and nearly sent the good curé, his master, into despair. Indeed, when he presented himself as a candidate for Holy Orders, the directors of the Seminary debated long on the impossibility of accepting him. At last the Vicar-General, to whom the matter was referred, after some thought asked, "But is this young Vianney devout? Does he pray fervently? Has he much devotion to the Blessed Virgin?" They replied that he was a most holy youth. "Very well, then, I will receive him, and grace will do the rest." So the candidate was accepted, and ordained sub-deacon, July 2d, 1774, deacon a year after, and priest six months later, when he went back to his old master, the Curé d'Ecully, as Vicaire.

Here he remained until the death of M. Balley, master and pupil vying with one another in holy practices of prayer and mortification, and devoting themselves to the service of the poor. But before long the good curé died, worn out by his sufferings under the Reign of Terror, and M. Vianney was nominated to the sole charge of a little village not far from Lyons. His mission was couched in these words: "Go; there is not much of the love of God in that place, *you* must bring it there." And so the Curé d'Ars went to his new home.

Ars.

Ars is a small, solitary, uninteresting-looking village, surrounded by a flat country, principally laid out in cornfields, and seven or eight

miles from the nearest railway station. Its inhabitants, at the time we speak of, were mostly laborers of the usual stamp, working all day in the fields, coming home at night to drink in one of the two public houses which even this small place possessed. On Sundays they assembled with their families on the green near the church, where dances and all kinds of amusements were kept up; and if the weather was fine, and their corn ready for harvest, they did not scruple to spend the day in gathering it in, leaving the church to the women.

The church itself was a small, bare, white-washed building, left desolate all the week, perhaps not even filled on Sunday, for the love of religion was almost dead in the hearts of the people. And to this place came the young curé, his heart all burning with zeal, and prepared at any cost to devote himself to the service of his people.

He began by continual prayer before the Blessed Sacrament. Before the sun rose he entered his humble little church, and there prayed throughout the day. This struck the people, and they began to watch him closely. Then came rumors from the place he had left, of his great holiness, and by and by, one said to another that a saint had come among them. He visited them too, each family, one by one, giving sympathy, help, advice, as they needed, and speaking as one who loved them each and all.

Before long he found that even here were some souls leading a devout life, and these he gathered together to aid him in his work of reformation. Mademoiselle d'Ars, the lady of the neighboring chateau, who led a truly, holy Christian life; a poor widow, Catherine Lassagne, who acted as his servant; and a lady, Mdlle. Pignaut by name, who had come from Lyons on purpose to live near the holy Curé d'Ars, and lodged with the widow Catharine, giving all her fortune to the poor through M. Vianney: these were his first helpers.

With these three he established the Confraternity of Perpetual Adoration, and one of the three were always henceforth kneeling before the Tabernacle, drawing down, who knows what blessings, on the place. Then he gave a service every night in church, composed of instruction, Rosary and evening prayers, which was soon attended by crowds of men and women, who, when their day's work was done, thus learned to find rest at the foot of the Altar.

He established the Confraternities of the Rosary and of the Blessed Sacraments too—the one principally for young women, the other for men.

When he found he had gained the confidence of the people, he set himself to put down all the various abuses which prevailed amongst them, such as dancing, working on Sundays (of which he had the utmost horror), alehouses; and most of all, to cure the general indifference as to religion which prevailed.

This reformation was not the work of a day; but it was accomplished at last, and Ars became a model village. The church, too, was restored by degrees, and one after another five small chapels added to it, witnessing alike to the zeal of the priest, and the awakened piety of his flock; and at the completion of the work, M. Vianney, with his whole parish, undertook, and successfully accomplished, a pilgrimage of thanksgiving to the shrine of Our Lady of Fourvières, a church which crowns the heights above Lyons, surmounted by a large gilt statue, and possessing a miraculous image much visited by the people round.

Now that the church was restored, and the people regained to fervor, his next thought was to found an orphanage; and so, gathering together two or three young girls whom he judged fit for the work, he

sent them to be trained under some regular Sisters of Mercy, and then established them in a house which he had built with all the money he possessed, and in which he gathered together so many children, that before long a new house had to be built, in which more than sixty orphan girls were fed, clothed, and educated, besides those who were taught daily in the schools.

This orphanage was called "La Providence," and was the scene of some out of the numerous miracles worked by our saint. We must relate one, though it has become almost as well known as the very name of "La Providence" itself.

One day the good sisters found that they had neither bread nor flour sufficient, nor anything else wherewith to feed the large household dependent on them. They therefore went to the curé with their troubles. He told them to place all the flour they had, with some yeast, in the usual kneading-trough, to cover it and leave it till next day. They did so, and on opening it and beginning to knead the dough, it rose and rose till it filled the whole trough, and they made as much bread as if the handful of flour had been a sack. Other instances were not wanting in which this humble village curé seemed treading in the very footsteps of the wonder-working saints of old-times; and this, added to the reformation he had wrought, and his extraordinary life of mortification (for he lived at one time on nothing but a little flour and water baked into cakes, or bits of dry bread, and confessed to having sometimes eaten three times only in the course of a week), made his fame spread not only in his own diocese, but throughout France, so that pilgrims began to flock to Ars from all parts to visit this extraordinary man and receive his blessing.

And now began that last, and to us, most wonderful part of his life, in which he was occupied all day and far into the night, daily and hourly, until his death, in receiving those who came to him, whether from curiosity, for help, or healing. At first they came principally to ask his prayers; then experienced, sometimes all unwillingly, his superhuman power in the discernment of spirits. He gave spiritual help to all who asked; he prophesied their future, read their troubles before they spoke, and comforted them with a look. The most hardened sinners, scoffing unbelievers, invincible heretics, he brought to his feet in humble submission, and all was done with the simplicity of a child.

The miracles wrought by him might fill a volume, and are too numerous to be even alluded to here; but not the least wonderful among them are those which he wrought on the souls of those who came to him by hundreds, so that he may be said to have passed the last years of his life in the confessional, not one of whom ever went away untouched by grace or healing gifts.

It is said that a crowd assembled each night to wait the opening of the church door, which took place at about from 12 to 2 A.M., and then the church became so thronged that it was almost impossible for the Curé d'Ars himself to pass from his confessional to the altar, where he said Mass at six or seven o'clock. Many people waited for several nights together in the porch, before being able to reach him.

The whole day was spent in reciting his Office, Catechism, and hearing confessions; but if by chance he left the church to visit some sick person or superintend his beloved "Providence," it required two men to guard him from the crowds which pursued him, seeking his blessing. At length his strength was quite worn out. He grew weaker and weaker every day, and the summer heat to which he was exposed, sitting all day long in

a close confessional, amid crowds of people who themselves were forced to leave the suffocating atmosphere from time to time for a few moments in the open air, gave him untold suffering, which he bore without a word. One night, the 29th of July, on coming home from his day's labor in the confessional, he sank down exhausted, saying, "I can do no more." The next morning he was unable to rise, and for four days he lingered, growing gradually weaker.

The people were in consternation, and spent all their time in prayers, novenas, and pilgrimages, for his restoration; but he only shook his head when implored to ask God himself for recovery to health, and signified his wish to receive the last Sacraments, which were given to him on Tuesday the 2d of August. Next day the bishop came to bid him farewell, and was received with tears of joy by the dying saint, who lay in silent communing with God, and preparations for the time when the labors of a long life spent in Him and for Him, should be crowned with the sight of the Beatific Vision.

At length on the morning of the Feast of St. Dominic, Thursday, August 4th, he passed away, very gently and peacefully, whilst the priest who recommended his soul spoke the words, "Let the Holy Angels of God come forth to meet him, and lead him into the Heavenly City, Jerusalem." The body was for two days exposed to the veneration of the faithful, who came in crowds to touch it with medals, crosses, &c., and on Saturday a grand funeral service was performed by the bishop, and the remains of the saint were laid beneath the stones of the little church he had loved so well.

This paper has already outstripped the proposed limits, yet we have merely touched upon the exterior life of the holy Curé d'Ars, while much both of that and of his interior life, remains untold. His spiritual trials were many, long and terrible; and the consolations and supernatural visitations with which God comforted His servant were in like manner manifold.

Among the various mysteries and devotions of the Church, he was specially attracted to the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception and the Blessed Sacrament, and his name will ever be joined to those of his patron St. John Baptist; and his "little saint," to whose intercession he attributed most of his miracles, and to whom one of his chapels is dedicated, St. Philomena.

Three years ago, we visited Ars. There all is kept lovingly, reverently sacred, as far as may be the same as on the day when he stood among his people for the last time. His little room is shown, with its bed, table, and chair. The pictures on the wall and two or three reliquaries; his cassock and surplice hanging in the cupboard—as he left it— the small covered "casserol" or pipkin from which he took his chocolate, with its spoon and napkin; and some old tattered dusty books.

In the church we saw his confessional, chipped and broken in the attempt to cut away pieces as relics, and now kept behind iron gates in his own favorite chapel of St. John Baptist.

On one of the pavement stones is the outline of a chalice—no name, no other sign; and here is the resting-place of the saint; the tomb endowed with miraculous virtues, where pilgrims are kneeling all through the day, and from whence, even now, healings and blessings go forth continually. The processes for beatification are already begun, and many miracles have been worked at the grave of him who even in life possessed this gift in an eminent degree. The "Providence" is carried on by regular Sisters of Mercy, who hold monthly retreats for such

among the pilgrims as desire to avail themselves of this great privilege; and there we saw the old kneading-trough, referred to in an earlier part of this paper, and heard from eye-witnesses the account of miracles which had lately taken place.

What must the saint feel now, if it is permitted to him to know of the desolation so lately spread over fair France? May he pray for her, his own dear country, that in the midst of the fiery trial to which she is subjected she may at length remember Him whom such multitudes of her sons have forsaken, and turn again to His Faith, His service, and His forgiving love.

EARLY SPRING.

Oh, sweetly now the seasons change!
From dark and grim to lightsome eves!
The happy birds have longer range,
And later twitter on the eaves.

The face of nature still is grave,
The dint of biting frost is there;
But shining laurels boldly wave
Their welcome to a milder air.

The earth looks soft, as if, beneath,
The sun's increasing warmth had power;
And soon shall pierce the tender sheath
Which holds the perfect snowdrop flower.

Dear is the earliest dawn of spring—
This hint of future ecstasy—
The thrushes feel it first, and sing
Enraptured on yon naked tree.

I would that I like them could pour
Songs sweet as is my heart's delight!
And when earth's winters all are o'er,
I hope to hail a spring as bright.

CONFERENCES ON THE BIBLE AND THE CHURCH.

III.

The information given by Moses concerning the origin and duration of the world, is a notable evidence of the truthful confidence he had in the publication of his narrative. Plato, Aristotle, and many other leading sages of gentile antiquity, guided by their own reason, attempted to discuss that point, and could conclude only with a guess that the world was eternal. The philosophers who said that the actual form of the world was of modern date, supposed and asserted that its principles had existed eternally. But here is a man and a nation, without any pretensions of learning, remarkable on account of their worship of the Eternal Being, *who*, they say, *created the heavens and the earth.* It is not difficult to decide where right reason is shown by those two parties. There are cases where arguments will not afford any foundation, and then we must rely entirely upon well-attested facts, and this has been done exactly by Moses when he teaches us the origin of the world. He had for his vouchers authentic genealogies that reached back from his own father Amram to Adam; also the proofs and characteristics of the newness of this world, still spread all over nature and society, were to him a second class of authorities. These are the two archives which we shall find always connected with the Mosaic history.

When the age of the world is in question, the globe and the material formation which we inhabit are generally confounded. Hence the dates of duration applicable only to the latest *work* of the Creator are referred to the first *creation*, of which we hear simply "*the beginning*," without any subsequent dates marking the succession of events and their duration. This mistake produces the difficulty about reconciling the newness of our present habitable earth with that antecedent *duration of being*, which obviously stretches far away in eternity to the *beginning*, when God *created* the principle upon which He afterwards *worked* in different periods of omnipotent action. It is the world brought into a condition fitted for man's use that is the subject of the Mosaic narrative; accordingly, the dates commence with the creation of man, and follow on through the career of the human race. Hence the comparative newness of this world. Now, the proofs of newness are found in nature. The rains and great waterfloods that run down the mountains are forever carrying off massive pieces, which either disperse on the plains, or are again carried away into the sea through the mouths of rivers. Of course the mountains are ever growing lower and lower, whilst the plains and the bottom of the seas are forever rising. In fact, it often happens that the inhabitants of a place perceive behind the hills that bound their prospects, points of steeples that were not seen in that country forty or fifty years before. This progress must, in an *ancient* duration, have put all parts of *our earth* on a level, and the whole habitable globe would have been, a great while ago, perfectly smooth.

The newness of our earth is equally evident from the modern date of all we see in society. The art of printing, the mariner's compass, our paper, our mills, and so many other beneficial inventions are of a recent date, and follow one

another in close succession. The most famous histories are of no great extent. The duration of nations and of their monuments is noticeable within a very small limitation. Antiquarians distinguish very easily the Gothic, the Roman, the Greek, and the Egyptian taste, but if generations were existing throughout an immense length of time, they would be characterized by a proportionate number and variety of tastes and of monuments.

The certainty of the knowledge of the legislator of the Hebrews is evidenced in a second matter of fact, equally proved by testimonies as ancient as mankind itself. Moses asserts that God, having created the heavens and the earth, left the latter in a state of imperfection, then freely ordered its disposal by successively and at several times introducing light, the stars, plants, animals, and man, in the duration of six divisions of time, called days; that no creature of any kind had been the productive cause of another; that neither the industry of man, nor motion, nor heat, nor rain had given form or life to any species, but that out of the immediate power, and by the free-will of God, new beauties and new usefulness sprung forth day after day; and finally on the seventh day God ceased to *make* any new beings. The order of the week, or the almost general custom of reckoning days by seven and seven, is a monument that agrees with the particular fact of the allotment of the divisions of times stated by Moses. It is found among the Egyptians, the Indians, the Romans, the ancient inhabitants of Britain, Gaul, Germany, of the North, and of America. It was avowedly the design of Moses to divert the Hebrews from the crime so prevalent in the East, of honoring the sun as the author and maker of light, and he could not recur to a plainer means than that of showing them the body of light created by the command of God, independent of the sun and moon, which were made after it, for the purpose of distributing to the day and the night their respective shares of the luminous fluid. Here we find no less exactness than skill; all the experiments of modern physics demonstrate that the body of light is distributed throughout nature, and receives from the stars not indeed its being, but merely its distribution. Light surrounds the orb of day, but is not generated by it; thence it is projected through space, but not supplied. The fluid moved by the action of the sun is indeed immense, and the same light which now receives that impression has felt it from day to day for thousands of years, because it was created before the ruler of the day-time, just as the air propelled against the ear by the explosion of a gun subsisted before the gun was made, and will always serve for the transmission of new sounds.

If it could be supposed for a moment that Moses was not divinely inspired, he has exhibited the most perfect knowledge of the tradition of the first age, and a marvellous acquaintance with those particulars of nature that escaped the notice of the sages of all ages, but are now fully confirmed by experience. Of this kind is the existence of those superior and attenuated waters that fill the vast extent of the atmosphere, where omnipotence keeps them in reserve as instruments of Divine Providence. Such is also the regular and constant generation of all the species of plants and animals. The causes assigned by the grossest error for their formation, continually vary, and ought to produce always new species; none of them, however, have been altered, or made way for any other heretofore unknown productions. Moses and experience unitedly teach us that all came from the power of God, *having in*

themselves the reproductive germina of the same species. It was supposed in the time of Moses, and has since been the opinion of some philosophers, that matter put in motion, for instance, earth diluted by rain, fermented by the action of heat and the care of man, suffices to engender plants and animals. Moses condemns this absurd notion as being opposed to truth and to the divine honor. He refers to the action of the Creator alone both for the origin and reproduction of species. The omnipotent command alone has been able to organize them; and when these species appeared for the first time, along with the germina for their renewal, the causes ignorantly assigned for their formation had no existence. Man was not, and the plants owed nothing to his labor. Rain had not fallen on the earth, and animals could not spring out of the sediment of inundations; there was only a dew, a coolness sufficient to moisten the fields. This simple exposition of the primeval state of the world teaches the only formative cause of all. No enterprises of agriculture, no overflowing of rivers, no sediment of fertilizing mire, none of those putrefactions, or other nauseous and changeable causes, from which pseudo-philosophy fancied it saw springing, beings beautifully and symmetrically organized. There happened to be in those ages, which we style the infancy of the world, and in a nation considered ignorant and contemptible, a man capable of teaching us, that there is no plant nor any animal on the earth, of which God has not, by an immutable order, determined the species, and that there never will appear any other, because He has granted fruitfulness to none but the species whereof he has from the beginning blessed the only germina He had appointed for their reproduction from age to age and from year to year. Experience bears testimony to Scripture on this point.

All philosophers, whether Egyptian, Phœnician, Greek, Italian, French, or others, who thought they had found truth in speculative argument, strayed so much in this matter as to ascribe to uniform motion the faculty of communicating organization, life, sexual difference, and reproduction, to masses of mud, and even the power of producing inhabitable planets and regular worlds. These are not the opinions of the true scientists of our present age, who have *scientifically* proved that the Creator alone was able by an express will to change inanimate matter into a living body. That there was no mud, no heat, no putrefaction, nor any motion that could organize a body or perpetuate a species; that the wonderful economy of organs could not be effected otherwise than by the preparation of a certain determined *Germsu* containing them all; that no species could be born of which the *Germsu* was not found to proceed from God's power by an actual and special formation, or by the preparation of the future organs inserted diminutively in a primordial *Germsu* from the beginning of the world.

Man thought, that by bringing together two principles of fecundity of two natures entirely different, he would be able to find a third distinct species; but a barren animal was obtained. The mule cannot procreate its own species, this not being under the primordial blessing. It lives as monsters live—it is a disordered nature. The Creator has not given it a reproductive *Germsu;* when He preordained two germina for the perpetuation of the species of the horse and the ass, He did not prepare a third for the mule. But if natures already organized and living, can produce nothing but unfruitful monsters, when man unites them against order, by arbitrary associations, what

fecundity can we expect from that which is not only bereft of *Germsu*, but even destitute of organs and of life? Thus the experience of nature and the observations of the truly scientific witnesses continually prove and pay homage to the wisdom of Moses. Now we may ask, whence came that wisdom? What was the source of this marvellous knowledge? Was it a divine inspiration, or did he find it in the tradition of his family? There is no alternative. He owed something indeed to his education; but the Egyptians who instructed him, taught the eternity of the world. They attributed everything to the stars, and to a set of strangely fancied deities. Their pretended Doctor Hermes taught them, they say, how to transmute mud into gold, and to dissolve bodies, therewith to organize living beings. Moses had a better Master.

FREE, AMONG THE DEAD.

HERE, thy way was set with snares,
'Mid thy harvest sprang the tares,
Cankers lurked in fairest flowers,
Nightshade twined in brightest bowers
Misconstructions, doubts and scorns,
Filled thy every path with thorns;
Now, the haunting fears are fled—
Thou art free, among the dead.

Baffled here thy eagle sight,
Weakened here thy arm of might,
Tired here thy upward foot,
Blighted here thy ripened fruit;
Coldness mocked thee—blindness jarred,—
Love was false and friendship hard;
Now, the latest sneer is said—
Thou art free, among the dead.

Nothing now compels thy heart
To the feeble human part,
Nothing now can sting or fret,
Nothing now of vague regret.
Springing free from earthly stains,
Doubt nor cloud thy soul restrains;
Free, where God's full light is shed,
Free, my darling, 'mong the dead.

A FORGOTTEN VALENTINE.

I. THE MESSENGER WHO BORE IT, AND WHO NEVER DELIVERED IT.

PERHAPS it would have been too much to expect of him that he should do so; too much to expect that the little packet, carelessly taken and thrust away amongst others, would ever enter his head again. At any rate it did not. He was a young man still, though he had been for some years a widower; and he had fallen in love, and was on the way to learn his fate.

It cannot be flattering to a young lady, if she knows it, that her suitor should be capable of taking thought for any one besides herself; but certainly Hugh Rainham tried to believe that he was not making his own happiness altogether the first consideration. There was the well-being of his little girl to be thought of; and what did he know about bringing up little girls? He had heard sensible people say, and he was ready enough now to accept the dictum, that the wisest thing a man in his position could do would be to marry again; wisest both for his own future and his child's. He said this to himself as he stood in Agnes Neville's drawing-room, hat in hand, waiting, looking out upon the bare branches which were soon to be green again, and wondering, in a desultory fashion, if this February day would bring him another spring-time, or only the desolate branches, the dead leaves whirling about, and the cold sky beyond. He had not long to wait. When she came into the room, and that thrill went through his heart which the presence of one we love alone can bring, it must have left some mark upon his face; for she knew why he had come, and in a few rapid arguments had decided upon her answer. He was rich; but she did not care so much about that, not knowing what it was to be anything else; he was good, generous, and devoted,—these things she did care for. He loved her; and he came on a day when that same pride of hers was smarting under a sense of neglect.

In the few seconds allowed her before he spoke, Agnes Neville made her decision. She had thought that he knew, and was jealous of, her friendship with that friend Frank, whom she had fancied might one day be nearer than a friend. But that was over. They had kept up a childish habit of exchanging valentines; and to-day there was nothing from him, while her own had gone as usual. That was the humiliating part of it. If *she* had broken through the custom, it would have been well; but that *he* should be the first! and when, too, he had given her cause to expect that his would be no ordinary valentine! Here, within her reach, was the means of punishing him; at any rate, of letting him know that she did not care.

Agnes listened to Hugh with a forced attention; but he knew nothing of that. When he spoke of his little girl, falteringly, she roused up and saw the strong earnestness and anxiety in the man's face; and, strange to say, this touched her more just then than any passionate lover's pleading from his lips would have done. She turned towards him suddenly and put her hand into his, and said, speaking of the small Cecilia,—

"She shall be very dear to me, and precious: I will care for her as much as you could desire."

And when Hugh had left her, she did not repent. It is true that there came upon her a certain sense

of being bound; of having done what could not be undone, and that half-rebellious desire to be free, which is almost always inseparable from an act that seals one's own fate. And then the drawing-room was rather lonely; the trees outside the window got a ghostly look, and seemed to wrap themselves up tighter as the fog gathered round them; and—altogether, she thought she would just go and tell her brother, by way of convincing herself that the thing was finally settled.

When she told him, he lifted up his eyebrows and stared at her.

"Is it true? You *look* as if it were. Rather scared, and that sort of thing. Not that there is anything to be scared about; only I suppose it's proper. Hem! I might have thought of Frank; but this is wiser."

She bit her lip, but never answered him. She wished he had not said that about Frank, and she didn't like the word "wiser." What had wisdom to do with it?

She started from her sleep that night, with a mist before her eyes and a great throbbing at her heart, for Frank's voice was in her ears. Would he care?

But what use to ask, now that it was too late? And that it was too late, no one knew better than herself; for to her, having once decided publicly as it were, change would have been impossible.

And on her wedding-day she was to Hugh a radiant princess, far away above him, stooping to crown him with the blessing of her love. Any one who had seen him that day might have doubted about its being altogether, or even very much for his daughter's sake that he took this step.

"I have reason to be grateful," he said to his new brother-in-law, when the speechifying was over, and the bride was going away to change her dress.

George Neville looked at her and nodded.

"She's a good girl enough: a little self-willed, perhaps; but then she has always had her own way."

"And will have it still, I hope," said Hugh. "If I don't make her happy, I shall deserve to be a miserable man all my life."

In years to come he recalled the speech, and wondered whether some strange misgiving had moved him to utter it.

Just then Frank Newman was saying to Agnes, "So you did not think me worth an answer!"

She was passing through the throng towards the door, and she never faltered or raised her head. No one knew that the words fell upon her with a sudden chill, like a cold hand grasping her heart. She had seen him amongst the guests, and knew that he was looking miserably ill, but she had been too much occupied to think about that.

"What do you mean, Frank?"

"O, not much. Valentines don't require answers in a general way; but I think you might have given me a few words last February. However, you'll keep my secret. No one knows it but you, unless it is your husband. What's the matter, Agnes? You look as if you didn't understand."

"I don't."

"You must have had it. I missed the post over night, and gave it to Rainham, there, as I knew he would see you the next day."

"To—my husband?"

"Yes; I'll ask him—"

"Frank," she said, with a heavy hand on his arm, "forget all this. Never speak of it—for my sake."

He looked at her with a perplexed expression of inquiry, but he saw that she was white and flurried, and gave up the point.

"Well, we have always been friends; have we not? I would ask you yet for your good wishes,

as you have mine; but the doctors say there's something amiss here," touching his chest, "and I may not live to—never mind! God bless you, Agnes!"

II. ITS MARK ON THE YEARS TO COME.

HUGH brought his wife home: and his hair was not gray, neither had any premature wrinkles marked his face. To his servants there appeared no change in him, either for better or for worse. He was just the same grave, silent, rather deliberate master they remembered. They did think, indeed, that he was dreadfully polite to his lady; but perhaps that was proper—before servants.

Hugh, taking Agnes to the drawing-rooms, which he had caused to be altered and brightened for her, turned and said to her, "Welcome home."

And as he said it, the memory of his own dreams of that home stung him so bitterly that he half put out his arms to take into them the Agnes he had once known. But she never saw the movement; and would not have heeded it if she had seen. She passed on into the room, the brilliant light of which seemed to hurt Hugh's eyes, for he put his hand over them suddenly; and for a moment he stood at the door, irresolute; then closed it gently, and went to see after his little girl.

That was natural enough, they said,—those gossips down stairs who were always on the watch. But why didn't he take his new wife with him? And why did he stay with the child, hour after hour, till none of the evening remained? The first evening, too! Above all, why, when the household had retired, and all was quiet, did a tall, slight figure, which rustled a little as it passed, go into the nursery and kneel down beside the sleeping child and sob?

The nurse saw, for she was not asleep, as my lady fancied; and she was not likely to keep it to herself, either. These and such things were puzzling. At first they formed a constant source of whisperings and shakings of wise heads; but gradually the gloss of newness wore away from them; the dull days swept on, and something of the grimness of the stone heads that guarded the sweep of steps at the hall-door seemed to have crept into the house. It was so still and silent; so monotonous. But for the small Cecilia, it would have been unutterably dismal. But she was a child, and had childish ways, which remained unchecked. She was quite young enough to take very kindly to the new mamma, who was so beautiful and so good to her.

"Not like nurse said she would be,—ugly and cross," she said to her favorite playfellow,—"but good. I think she could have brought the little princess to life again, as well as the fairy did. You never saw such eyes in your life as she has got; just like the pool under the willows, where we are *not* to go, Charlie, you know; down, as if you couldn't ever see the bottom; ever so deep. And she kisses me, too."

To which the boy replied, with decision, that she couldn't be a fairy in that case, for fairies never kissed anybody; it wasn't lucky, that was unless they were wicked fairies. And it was all very well now, but when Cecil married him, he shouldn't allow her to kiss anybody.

By and by, however, as Cecil grew older, she used to wonder in her wise little head what made her father and mother, when they were alone, talk to each other, if they did talk, so like "company." That was her idea of it. She jumped up from the piano one day, and waltzed round to the footstool at her mamma's feet, with a sudden thought that she would find out.

"Well," said Agnes, looking at

the pursed-up lips, which evidently had a question upon them, "what's the matter? Is your new music lesson too hard?"

"My new music lesson is—is a fidgety crank," said Cecil, hesitating for an expression strong enough; "but it's not that. I was just wondering why you and papa—"

Hugh let his book fall with a sudden noise, and went out of the room, passing the child, but taking no notice of her.

"Why you and papa," went on Cecil, reflectively, "are so odd, like grand visitors. When there's any one here I know I have to sit still, and not tumble my frock, nor cross my feet; but when there's no one it's different."

"Your papa and I are not children. Grown-up people must be steady, Cis."

"Then I don't want to be grown up. And I'm sure, quite sure, that I'll never be married, if one is to do nothing but sit—sit all day long, and have no fun."

Agnes bent down to kiss the resolute lips that uttered this bold decision, and then her face grew sad. There were times when even to her pride the life she led seemed almost too hard to bear,—times when she was mad enough to think she would tell Hugh that the act which stamped him in her eyes as base and dishonored was no secret from her, as he doubtless believed it to be. But she could not do it. It seemed to her as if the consciousness that she knew would only make him more contemptible in his own eyes as well as in hers. It would but widen the gulf, and make what she was able to bear now utterly intolerable. For she never doubted that the purport of the letter was known to him, and he had suppressed it for his own ends. And the poor boy who wrote it was dead. There was the great mischief of it all. If he had been living and well, so tender a halo might not have rested over the past, and all in the past connected with him; so bitter a resentment might not have been nursed in silence against the wrong which her husband had done them both. But Frank had lived but a few months after her wedding, and she never saw him again. He was dead, and she had killed him,—no, not she, but Hugh.

She was thinking such thoughts one day when something made her look up, and she met Hugh's eyes fixed upon her. There was so peculiar an expression in them that she could not prevent a certain proud, antagonistic inquiry coming into her own. He went towards her with his book open in his hand. He bent down and put his finger on a line in the page, drawing her attention to it.

"'How much the wife is dearer than the bride.' This struck me rather, that's all," he said, and went away.

Agnes sat on by the window, but the book dropped from her fingers, and she covered her face. What did he mean? If he had only not gone away then!

"How could he do that one thing?" she said to herself. "He meant the line as a reproach to me. And I would have loved him,—is it possible that I do love him, in spite of it. And I so weak and false? I want so much to comfort him sometimes that I half forget, and am tempted. But I never will,—I never must. I used to be strong, I shall be strong still."

And so the same front of icy indifference met Hugh day by day and year by year, and he knew none of her struggles. But he wrapped himself up more and more in his books and his problems and writings. New MSS. began to grow out of old ones, for he had always been given to authorship, and the accumulation of papers on various subjects. In these days a little

fairy used to come in from time to time with a pretence of arranging them for him. She would open and shut the study door with a great show of quietness, seat herself on a big chest which was full of old papers, and in which she meant to have a glorious rummage some day; and begin folding up neat little packages; stitching loose sheets together; reading a bit here and there, and looking up now and then with a suggestive sigh till he would lay aside his work, and declare that she was the plague of his life. This was the signal always for the forced gravity to disappear from Cecil's face; for her to jump up, radiant and gleeful, and just have one turn round the room—to shake off the cobwebs, as she said.

"But you know you couldn't do without me, and I do help very much. What do you know about stitching papers together? And you are a most ungrateful man to say I am a plague, only you don't mean it. I wonder what you'll do when I am married."

"Married!" echoed Hugh. "Go and play with your last new toys, and don't talk nonsense."

But the word worried him, and made him thoughtful. When he came to consider it, the fairy was no longer exactly a child, though she was as merry as a young kitten. He did a little sum on his fingers in sheer absence of mind, and found out that in a few weeks she would be eighteen.

It was twelve years since he went, that February day, to plead her cause and his own with Agnes Neville. He used to go now sometimes to the window and look out, and remember the day when he had stood at that other window watching bare branches and wondering about his future. He knew it not. If only he could find out *why* it was thus. What had changed her all at once, on her wedding-day, from the very moment, as it seemed to him, that she became his wife?

Hugh pushed his hair away from his forehead and sighed. He was getting gray by this time, but then he was past forty, and Agnes, his wife, must be two-and-thirty at least. It occurred to him that he had noticed no alteration in her. She was as beautiful as ever, with the beauty of a statue that chills you when you touch it. He thought he would look at her that evening, and see if he could trace no change, such as there was in himself.

He did look, when the room was brilliant with soft light, and she sat languidly turning over a book of engravings with Cecil. They formed a strange contrast; the cold, proud, indifferent beauty of the one face and the eager animation of the other. The girl's one hand rested on Agnes' shoulder, caressingly, for the tie between these two was more like the passion of a first friendship than the affection of mother and daughter. Suddenly Cecil pointed down the page and said something in a whisper, and her mother turned and looked at her with a smile.

As he saw the look, just such a thrill went through Hugh's heart as he had felt when she came to him twelve years ago to give him his answer. No, time had not done her so much wrong as it had to himself, and there was one hope in which she had never disappointed him,—her care for his daughter.

"For her sake," he said that night when Cecilia was gone, "I am always grateful to you."

But he did not wait for any reply. He never did. Perhaps he might not have got one if he had; or perhaps he thought the time had gone by for any change to be possible.

Agnes looked from the window the next morning, and saw Cecil under a tall laurel, reading something. And the sun had come out; there was a twittering of birds in the shrubbery, and the sky was all

flecked with tiny white clouds. It was Valentine's Day, and she knew that the girl was reading over again the one which Hugh had handed her with such a troubled face at the breakfast table. What did that unquiet expression mean; and why did Cecil, when she saw it, look from him to her, fold up her packet hurriedly and put it away?

It meant, on Hugh's part, that he knew what it was and did n't like it; that he could not help thinking of his life, doubly lonely, without the child. But this never occurred to his wife. Presently some one joined Cecil in the laurel walk, and though of course Agnes could not hear their words, she turned instinctively away from the window.

Cecil was saying just then, "No, it isn't likely. Who should send me valentines? They're old-fashioned, vulgar, out of date. Charlie, mind, I won't have any more."

"Why not?"

"Because—I'm serious now—for some reason or other they don't like my having them," said Cecil, motioning towards the house.

"But Cecil, you promised—"

"No, I didn't. And if I had, I shouldn't keep it, of course; that is, you wouldn't want me to. It would kill papa to lose me, and as to mamma, why I never cared for any one so much in all my life. I didn't know it was in me till she woke it up. You remember what I used to say about her eyes. They are just like that; like a beautiful deep pool; all dark, you know, till it draws you close and makes you want to know so much what is underneath."

Here Agnes came to the window again, but the two figures had passed out of the laurel walk, and she saw them no more.

In the afternoon Cecil went as usual to her father's study, but he was stooping over a book and did not notice her. He was, in fact, thinking the thought that had troubled him in the morning, but Cecil fancied he was busy, and looked round to see what mischief she could do. It flashed upon her that here was a fine opportunity for the old chest, and so she seated herself on the carpet and began her rummage. Presently Hugh, hearing the rustle of papers, looked round.

"I should like to know who is to be my fairy Order," he said, "amongst all that mess."

"I will, papa. I shall give a tap with my wand, and you will see it all come straight. But look here. Isn't this to mamma? It has never been opened, and it's like—a valentine."

Hugh looked at the large "Miss Neville" on the envelope, and knitted his brows in a vain effort to remember anything about it. He couldn't. It was very strange. He fancied he knew the writing, but yet could not tell whose it was,—certainly not his own,—nor recollect anything about the packet. He considered a little and then said, "You had better take it to her."

He took a pen and wrote on the cover, "Cecil has just found this amongst my old papers. I have no idea how or when it came into my possession, neither can I make out the hand, though it doesn't seem altogether strange. Perhaps you can solve the mystery."

III. ITS MESSAGE—AFTER MANY DAYS.

It was in verse, as Frank's valentines had always been; halting, and with queer rhymes and changes of measure. It was full of the half-humorous tenderness of quiet friendship; and it ended with a hope that she would make "old Hugh" happier than his first wife did; that was if she accepted him; and with a demand for her congratulations upon his own approaching marriage; since he was "the happiest fellow alive," and couldn't

keep the news from her, though it was a secret from all beside.

And the evening grew old; the white flecked sky turned colder, and the moon came out. But Agnes sat with this voice from the dead in her hand, motionless; full of humiliation and remorse. And she was thinking of many years of bitterness and sorrow and pride; and of a heavy sacrifice to a myth, for she had never loved him. And her husband—whom she did love—whom she had so wronged—how was she to atone to him?

By and by the door opened and Cecil stole in. And she saw her mamma's face turned towards the window with the moonbeams lighting it, and thought she had never seen anything so beautiful in her life.

"Mamma," she said, softly, "why don't you come down? We are waiting, papa and I; and it's cold up here."

"I will come," she said; but her voice was strange. Cecil knelt down beside the chair and drew her mother's arm round her neck.

"How cold you are! Dear mamma, is anything the matter? Cannot I comfort you?"

Agnes bent down and held her in a close embrace.

"My darling, you do always. I cannot tell whether I want comfort now or not. I am going down to your father, and Cecil, I must go alone; I have something to say."

She went into the drawing-room; straight up to where her husband sat listlessly in his chair at the window. He started when he saw her, and said something hurriedly about ringing for lights, but she stopped him.

"It will be better thus, for what I have to say. Hugh, I have come to ask your forgiveness."

Hugh did not answer. The speech took him by surprise, and she had never called him Hugh before, since their marriage. He had time enough to tell himself that it was only another mockery, and would end in the old way.

But standing there, with Frank's letter in her hand, she told him all, not sparing herself, and then asked if he could ever forgive her. She was not prepared for the great love which answered her; which had lived unchanged through all her coldness and repulses; and which drew her to him closer now perhaps than it might have done if her pride had never suffered under these years of wretchedness.

Cecil never knew exactly what had happened; but when her father put his arm round her and called her his blessing, she looked up at him with an odd sort of consciousness that in some way or other the old valentine found in her rummage amongst his papers had to do with the change she saw. And it was her doing. So she made up her wilful mind straightway to exult and triumph over the fact to poor Charlie; and then, if he wanted to send her another next year,—why, after a proper amount of teasing and suspense, which was good for him and kept him in order, she would perhaps say that he might.

THE GENESIS, ACCORDING TO SCRIPTURE AND SCIENCE.

THE Genesis divides itself into two questions—the creation of the world and the creation of man—and these questions are perfectly distinct. In discussing them within the short compass of an article, we wish to write with that modesty which religion and science alike demand, and rather to throw out a few useful hints than to compose a pretentious essay. We would, in the first place, call attention to the fact that the great Doctors of the Church, St. Augustine and St. Thomas Aquinas, not to speak of other learned Fathers, though they wrote on this subject at periods when science was yet in its infancy, exhibited remarkable forbearance in their interpretation of the Mosaic record, left wide liberty to succeeding commentators, and seem to have had an instinctive sense of the possible modification of cosmology, as then understood, by subsequent discoveries. There are passages in St. Augustine's *De Civitate Dei*, and in St. Thomas's *Summa Theologiæ* and *De Potentia Dei* which amply confirm these assertions. Whether the six days of Creation of which Moses speaks were days of twenty-four hours each, or whether they denote indefinitely long periods, were points which they did not attempt to fix, nor has any ecclesiastical pronouncement ever been made that closes the door against any certain conclusion of science on this head.

In the middle ages, and up to the end of the seventeenth century, the idea of seven days of natural length prevailed, because science had not yet made discoveries which seemed in any marked degree to clash with that opinion. Even at a later period, Voltaire could afford to laugh at geology and naturalists, saying that they made and unmade the world after their own fancy, that fossil fish were those which the Romans flung from their tables because they were not fresh, and that fossil shells were those which pilgrims had collected in the time of the Crusades and stuck in their chimneys.

But as the last century advanced, and the crust of the earth was subjected to severer analysis, two sets of opinions arose among those whose wish it was to harmonize science with revealed religion. The first of these was formulated by Dr. Chalmers in Scotland, and by Dr. Buckland in England. It referred to an indefinitely long period—the first creation of the earth—and included under this the clothing of its surface in vegetation and the peopling it with animals, many of a huge size, whose remains we may see at any moment in the British Museum. To this period of comparative tranquillity, during which the geological strata were deposited, succeeded, as they conceived, a universal convulsion destructive of all organic life. It may have been sudden or prolonged, wrought at once or successively; but, in any case, it left the earth "without form and void," and ready for the divine operations which then took place during six natural days.

It need scarcely be added that this hypothesis is beset with the gravest difficulties, and would now scarcely be thought tenable by any scientific men. The second opinion on the subject has gained over a far larger number of disciples, and harmonizes much better with geological facts. It admits the creation to have been accomplished in six epochs, called in the Book

of Genesis days; but in view of the immense spaces of time required for the slow formation of stratified rocks at the bottom of the sea, and numberless other facts revealed by geology, it puts no limit on the length of these Mosaic "days." So far, then, theologians and geologists are agreed. The earth was gradually prepared for the reception of Man, and observation of nature proves that her processes have ever been slow, and that the preparation referred to must have occupied ages whose length cannot be calculated. There is nothing in this admission contrary to Scripture or opposed to the Church. Geological facts admit of sensible demonstration, and they present no difficulty to the believer in divine revelation. The labors of Pallas in Russia, of Werner and Humboldt in Germany, of De Saussure in Switzerland, of Lyell and Buckland in England, of Cuvier and Brogniart in France, and of Brocchi in Italy, have left the Mosaic record intact, though the marvels which they have brought to light are surpassed only by those revealed to us by Lord Rosse's telescope in the heavens.

But this is not all. Geology has rendered something more than a negative service to religion. It confirms indirectly the truth of the account given by Moses, because it has discovered no fossil remains of Man in strata of very ancient formation. It agrees, therefore, with the Bible in assigning to the creation of Man a comparatively modern date, long after that time when the seas, the forests, and the air, were filled with monsters of whose destructive powers we gain some idea when we gaze on the bony structures of Mastodons, Plesiosauri, Ichthyosauri, and Pterodactyls. But though theologians and geologists can so far shake hands, there are other speculations concerning the origin of Man with whom it is impossible for the Church to come to an agreement. The theories of these persons are in one respect diametrically opposed to the Catholic faith, inasmuch as they deny the origin of the human race from a single man. For them Adam is a myth, Eve is a fable. They believe different races to have sprung from various originals in different parts of the globe, and human nature itself to be only the highest order of animal life, evolved during countless ages from the lowest form of existence by a continual amelioration and progress towards perfection, in accordance with a law of appetency or selection by one species of that which is better in another. Now, without attempting to refute this theory on scientific grounds, and without dwelling on the fact that we do not see any species of flowers, birds, beasts, or fish merge into another, but, on the contrary, preserve each its distinct peculiarities,—it will be sufficient for our present purpose to observe that Man, as we know him, with the gifts of speech and reason, was, according both to Scripture and Geology, created only some thousands of years ago.

It is not, however, easy to say with precision how many years ago this was. The three codexes of the Old Testament—the Hebrew text, the Samaritan, and the Septuagint, are not always in accord as to dates and numbers, nor is it easy to determine whether in any particular instance, the sacred writer used round numbers, omitting fractions, or means to express the exact number of years. Without giving any countenance to the sweeping criticisms of Dr. Colenso, we may, nevertheless, nay must, admit with Mgr. Meignan, the Bishop of Châlons-sur-Marne, that the signs expressing numbers in the Hebrew text are very easily changed; that the three most an-

cient texts not agreeing in their chronological statements, we cannot be absolutely bound by either of them; that the Word of God having been preserved to mankind by means of copyists, errors of transcription in minor matters may have crept in, which though insufficient to weaken the fabric of our faith, may have made it difficult or impossible to extract from the Bible an exact and well-ordered system of antediluvian chronology. The Septuagist version appears to Mgr. Meignan preferable to the Hebrew text, so far as regards the principal dates, yet we cannot affirm that it fixes beyond doubt the date of the apparition of Man. "Perhaps," says the Bishop, "we shall see it demonstrated by geological discoveries that Man appeared on the earth before the time we have hitherto supposed." There is nothing rash in these admissions. They are made frankly by the *Civiltà Cattolica* in an article on the subject published lately, and they are necessary in order to meet objectors who are certain to arise.

But how far do the discrepancies extend? The version of the Seventy counts 5190 years from Adam to Christ; the Hebrew text, followed by the Vulgate, counts nearly 4000, and the Samaritan between 4000 and 5000. The maximum difference is about 1200 years; but in the hands of some chronologists the number of years from Adam to Our Lord is extended beyond the limits allowed by the Septuagint. Thus Panvini reckons them at 6311, and others, like Buting, shorten the period in question to 3968 years. The numbers of Panvini and Buting may be taken as the two extremes, and these differ by 2343 years. If to both we add 1873, the year of the vulgar era, we shall have 8184 and 5841 as the dates drawn professedly from the ancient codexes and representing the extreme rival calculations of the age of the world from the creation of Adam to the present time. We see, then, the proximate limits within which Catholics are bound when reasoning about the antiquity of Man. St. Augustine, in his *City of God*, reprobates the extravagant chronology of some writers, who maintained the Kingdom of Egypt to be 100,000 years old. He refuted this statement on this ground, among others, that it was contrary to the Scriptures, which allowed not more than 6000 years to have passed since the first Man appeared in Eden. Yet St. Augustine, as we have observed, took a wide view of the period of the Creation, not limiting it, as did many persons less learned in his time, to six natural days, but allowing to the word an extent of meaning commensurate with the requirements of the case as established, or to be established, by science. Following as nearly as may be the steps of this great doctor, we are bound to adhere to the doctrine of the comparatively recent creation of Man—at least of Man as we know him, as being endowed with the gifts of reason and speech, responsible for his actions, capable of distinguishing between good and evil, and possessed of an immortal soul. We cleave to this conviction the more firmly because the Mosaic record, on which we rely, is in accordance with the researches of geologists, even of those who feel no interest in confirming the truth of Scripture, but would rather be disposed to invalidate it. In saying this, we do not forget the hatchets, knives, and arrow-heads, which have been found in many caves, and particularly in the Valley of the Somme. They are referable to the Drift period, when many enormous animals, now extinct, ranged freely over the land. But in using such terms as "proximate limits" and "comparatively recent," we leave ourselves a wide margin, elastic enough to meet any

absolute requirements of science, without doing violence to the inspired records.

Thus one science after another becomes, after a period of conflict, an ally and tributary of the Church. The Copernican system of astronomy was at one time regarded by some Catholics with suspicion, dislike, and dread. It seemed to them to fly in the very teeth of Scripture by asserting the revolution of the earth round the sun, to discredit the sacred oracles, and undermine the venerable fabric of the Faith. But as time swept along, science pursued her course and multiplied her demonstrations. The rotation of the earth on its axis, and its annual circuit round the sun, were established by proofs defying all dispute. The decrees that had been issued against the doctrine of Galileo were suspended by Pope Benedict XIV, and repealed in full Consistory by Pope Pius VII. In 1744 Galileo's famous dialogue was published entire at Padua, with the usual approbations; and now Catholics and non-Catholics, however they may disagree on points of faith, regard the starry heavens with the same telescopes and subscribe to the same principles of astronomy. The observations which at first were suspected by some Catholics as dangerous to religion, are now, by universal consent, admitted to glorify the God and Father of all, while they present no difficulty to the minds of Catholics in general in the way of holding fast their creed. They are not startled any more than others when they learn that eighteen millions of stars may be counted in the Milky Way—that is, according to one theory, in the equatorial stratum of the lenticular nebula to which we belong—nor at finding that even this calculation is far from adequate, and that the Milky Way, of which we are an infinitesimal constituent part, would, at its greatest length, be measured by a ray of light which, travelling 186,000 miles per second, would travel in a straight line and without stopping for fifteen thousand years.

Geology, like astronomy, had to fight for its existence in its early days. It was thought to do great disservice to Christianity by interfering with the cosmogony of Scripture. We have heard of a ladies' book society which returned Dr. Buckland's *Bridgewater Treatise* to the publisher on the ground that Dr. Buckland was an atheist. But geology with its several epochs, its history written in fossil letters on the solid rocks, its slow and immeasurably lengthy formations, its masses of igneous fluids crystallized, and its deep, vast, strata tranquilly deposited, its successive ages of vegetable and animal life leading up to the present state of the earth's surface, is now regarded by Catholics as truly a science, and truly, therefore, a handmaid of religion. Nor are there wanting points in the Christian belief which seem to derive something more than illustration from geological truths. We will mention one only by way of example. The prophets foretell the destruction of the earth by fire, and geology reminds us that the whole earth is still, in the opinion of a large number of its professors, a globe of liquid substances, molten by intensest heat, that its crust is probably not more than a hundred miles in thickness, and that beneath this is a sea of fire, on which we float. Volcanoes, with their open craters, seem to attest the reality of that central furnace, and even if it did not exist, a moment's pause in the swift motion of the earth would engender such heat as would instantly melt and reduce it to vapor, if it did not fall in a straight line into the sun and disappear in its surface as an aerolite that drops on the ground. The extinction of a star is no new

phenomenon. Ulugh-Beigh, Cassini, and Herschel have pointed out a number of stars which have completely disappeared. For them the end of the world was come. It must not, however, be forgotten that geology is a science yet in its infancy, and that many conclusions now received may be exploded after further research.

A STORY OF THE OBER-AMMERGAU PASSION PLAY.

Any one visiting the Bavarian Alps during the past summer could hardly fail to observe on all sides very marked indications of the coming Passion Play. Hearing that the last representation (for ten years to come) of this wondrous drama, was fixed for Sunday, the —th, we resolved, at all hazards, to endeavor to be present at a spectacle, which as a beautiful memorial of the faith and piety of the middle ages is alone of its kind.

It is, perhaps, now scarcely necessary to mention that the Passion Play originated in the devout wish of the inhabitants of Ober-Ammergau to record by this wonderful representation of Christ's Passion their heartfelt acknowledgment of the mercy of Almighty God in delivering their land from a pestilence which had ravaged it. It has, therefore, been repeated in fulfilment of a vow, once in every ten years, since 1634.

Hiring a light mountain carriage, we started on the previous day for the picturesquely situated little spot.

As we approached the termination of our journey, the scene became every moment more and more animated and interesting. From every direction, far and near, came the thronging pilgrims. In small groups, in large companies; in splendid chariots, in cumbrous wagons, or humbly on foot with a wallet or knapsack.

Old and young, rich and poor—the black-robed priest, and the lowly monk in coarse brown tunic —all were there.

The evening sun was tinging with the purple gold of its dying rays the sharp outlines of the mountain peaks and wooded hill-tops, as we drove into the cheerful-looking town of Ammergau. Stately houses —their outer walls richly decorated with quaint woodwork, told of the industry and prosperity of a place which has long enjoyed considerable repute for the beauty of its carvings in wood.

Descending from our little carriage we made our way on foot with great difficulty through the crowded street, now rendered almost impassable by the block of vehicles of every description and their terrified and almost plunging horses, to an inn, which, to our dismay, had not a vacant corner of any kind for us.

With sinking hearts we thought how slender were our chances of finding a shelter for the night amid such a concourse of strangers. When seeing the landlord hurrying past, we timidly asked, "did he think we could get a lodging anywhere?"

"Yes, yes!" he said, without stopping; "my little boy will show you. Here, Kaspere!" calling as he spoke, to a curly-headed urchin, "Show these ladies the way to Judas Iscariot's!"

Following our little guide, we soon stood with wondering eyes before the owner of the inauspicious name—a tall and stately man, by trade a shoemaker.

During the time of the Passion Play, he explained, not without a certain pride, as we expressed our surprise at his being thus designated, "We are called by our Scriptural names. Here! Maria Magdalena," he said, calling to some one within the house, "tell Matthew he must give up his room—guests have come."

The person, so addressed, came quickly forward—a young and comely girl, with wonderful gold-brown hair, worn after the fashion of the country, in massive plaits, coiled round the head.

"Welcome, and God bless you," she said, at the same time reaching out her hand to us with frank and simple courtesy; then, taking our bags, she led the way up a narrow stair to the little chamber vacated by Matthew.

No splendid apartment, in truth, was that of our Lord's young follower, but we were too grateful for any shelter to be fastidious; and many, compelled to pass the night in hay-lofts, to say nothing of carts and wagons, would have envied us our humble lodging.

Sleep, even under more favorable circumstances, would on such a night as this, have been almost impossible, so, after a few hours, we quitted the house at the earliest dawn of a lovely summer Sunday morning.

On reaching the street, which, early as it was, we already found thronged with people eagerly hurrying forward, we joined the now ever increasing current of the stream, and soon found ourselves close to the scene of the approaching performance.

A short distance outside the town had been erected the stage, or platform, on which it was to take place—an immense space in front being covered with wooden benches, rising amphitheatrewise, tier upon tier, fully capable of accommodating 6000 persons, but wholly inadequate to the numbers now actually present.

Neither stage, nor amphitheatre was roofed in; the unclouded sky was the only canopy above, with the sharp peaks of the Alpine range towering above the wooden walls inclosing the vast multitude, for background.

The "Play," which begun at eight o'clock in the morning, lasted without interruption until four in the afternoon, during which hardly one among the thousands present quitted his seat, so intense and all-absorbing was the interest manifested in the wondrous spectacle.

On either side of the stage were grouped men and women, clad in long, white, flowing garments, reaching to the ground, who sang in a kind of recitative the history and explanation of the Sacred Drama.

At intervals during its performance, life-like "tableaux" from the Old Testament were given with wonderful accuracy and vividness.

The whole history of Our Divine Lord, from the time of His entry into Jerusalem, with all the wonderful incidents of His Sacred Life, Death, and final Resurrection, were given with astonishing power and truthfulness—touching even the coldest heart.

Every inhabitant of Ammergau, from the child to the old man bending painfully towards the grave, is eager to take a part in that which he has been taught from his earliest years to regard as a solemn act of thanksgiving towards his Creator, and the deep, earnest, loving faith which he brings to its fulfilment, invests even the rudest with a certain dignity and refinement.

The part of the Saviour, which is never assigned but to some one of blameless life and character, was

sustained by one of the principal inhabitants, and was unequalled in the grand simplicity of its conception. Our landlord's kindly daughter made a very effective Mary Magdalen; her splendid hair loosened from its coils, literally reached the ground, enveloping her like a mantle, as she knelt to wipe the anointed feet of her Lord.

But oh! how far more beautiful and touching was that other Mary —God's blessed Mother! for whose coming every eye watched, with whose bitter sorrow every heart present beat in sympathy. Even now tears rush to my eyes, as I recall the cry of anguish with which she sank at the foot of the cross. Her pale, tear-bathed face showing how truly she felt and entered into the awful grief she so wonderfully portrayed.

And now came the closing scene of this wondrous performance. The choir intoned the *Gloria in Excelsis Deo*, and, as with one accord, the thousands present burst forth into one grand song of triumph, to hail the Resurrection of the Lord.

The last notes of the *Gloria* were softly dying away, as with hearts thrilled and softened beyond all expression, we quitted the now fast-vanishing scene of the Passion Play.

At the door of our lodgings we encountered our host, still clad in his Scriptural garments. He received our congratulations upon his admirable acting with a quiet smile, congratulations which he well merited, as he was in reality one of the best performers where all were good. His natural appearance harmonized wonderfully with the part assigned to him. The thin, dark face, half concealed by the bushy black beard, which, like many others engaged in the play, he had allowed to grow for years,— the somewhat furtive glance of the small glittering dark eye, gave a sinister expression to the countenance, realizing strangely the idea which we usually associate with the *personnel* of the Betrayer. Neither did we omit to give all the praise she well deserved to his daughter—our good Mary Magdalen, and the proud smile which lighted up the dark face of Iscariot showed, as he lovingly stroked her golden hair, how gratified he was at the praises bestowed on his child.

"What magnificent hair," I could not help saying, as, full of astonishment at its extraordinary length and glossiness, I raised one of the heavy braids from the girl's shoulder, remarking as I did so, "that it could not be always an easy matter to find such hair as this for the Magdalen."

"That is true, Madame," replied Judas quickly, "and at the time of the last Play we had much difficulty about this very thing, but the time before the case was still more desperate, as Madame will allow, if she will permit me to relate to her the strange story connected with it."

A willing assent being given, our host placed seats for us and himself. Then smoothing down the heavy folds of his dusky yellow robe, and crossing his arms upon his breast, related, in the simple expressive manner peculiar to the people of the Ober-Ammergau, the following singular, touching history.

"It is now forty years since I, then a child scarce four years old, first had a part in our holy play, and then I was as one of the multitude of Hebrew children who gathered the heavenly manna in the wilderness; and Madame will excuse me if I say that it has become my firm belief that the early horror of all wrong-doing contracted by the decision of our venerated priest that no wicked or undutiful child should ever be allowed to have any part in the play exercised a wonderful influence for good on

the future lives of many among us. Ten years after this I was 'Isaac' borne to the pile in 'Abraham's Sacrifice,' and ten years later I was given the part of 'Judas Iscariot,' which I have now played for the third time. The period preceding the play is an anxious one for all of us, and we begin our preparations fully a year before. The priest superintends and directs our practice; the best artists design the costumes and decorations, so that these may be as correct and effective as possible; skilled musicians train the choir voices; and, above all, the utmost care and forethought are exercised in the selection of the persons who are to take part in the performance. Notwithstanding all our care, however, we found ourselves some years ago, as I have already said, in much difficulty as regarded the Magdalene. Long natural hair was indispensable, as to seem to touch the feet of Christ with false hair would have appeared, to our minds at least, almost like a sin. Now, in the whole town there was only one person with the requisite qualification, the daughter of a wood-carver; but, unfortunately, some levity of conduct had tarnished her reputation, and our people would not hear of her, as no one with any stain on his or her character is permitted to have a part in the Passion Play. Many and many were the discussions upon this matter, and at last, seeing no way out of the dilemma, we had almost come to the conclusion that for that year, at least, we must abandon all idea of our play. Very down-hearted we were at this, Madame, as you may be certain, when all at once, as if struck by a sudden thought, Petrus, one of the most respected and wealthiest farmers, made this suggestion: 'I can point out one to you,' he said, 'one who has, it appears to me, all the qualifications necessary for the part of the Magdalene. She is good, gentle, and humble, has youth, and good looks, and gold-brown hair; but she is very poor and lowly born, and has never yet had any, even the least part in our plays. It is Sabine, the friendless orphan girl I took into my service as a cowherd after her father's death.' Exclamations of astonishment and dissatisfaction followed these words, as hitherto the part of Mary Magdalene had invariably been filled by the daughter or other female relative of some substantial citizen, and not by a poor, humble maiden like this, and a poorer or humbler than Sabine you could hardly find in all the place. However, no other alternative remained, and, in spite of hot opposition from all quarters, it was resolved to make the attempt at least. Accordingly our good priest and Petrus set off at once to see what could be done with the girl, and I, who had long taken an interest in her, accompanied them to the meadows where the flock was pastured. These meadows lay at some little distance from the town, but on reaching them we soon found her whom we sought. On a rocky projection, half hidden by a thicket of low-growing shrubs, sat the girl, her eyes fixed dreamily on the far-off mountain range, one hand supporting her head, while with the other she stroked the long, soft brown ears of a calf lying beside her; the sunlight falling on her hair seemed to turn it into threads of gold. She was so wrapt in her own thoughts that we were close to her before she perceived us. When she did so she sprang hurriedly to her feet in great confusion, endeavoring to conceal a large sheet of paper which we had no difficulty in recognizing as one of the cheap, gaudily-colored prints of the Passion Play, common among the peasantry of the district. The priest, as he caught sight of the picture, said kindly—

"'Well, Sabine, so this is what you are thinking of up here among the cows.'

"The poor child colored violently, could not raise her eyes, and kept twisting the ends of her poor coarse apron; but the good priest, continuing gently, said—

"'My child, there is nothing to be ashamed of. Now tell me, how should you like just for once to take a part in our holy play?'

"The girl looked at him, her blue eyes filled with a wondering fear, and while her whole frame trembled, answered: 'Oh, my father, I am but a poor cowherd.'

"'God loves the meek and lowly of heart,' said the priest, as he laid his hand with a gentle and solemn blessing on the young bowed head, 'and poor and humble as thou art, child, God takes thee to His service because thou art good and modest.'

"The girl gazed around her with a bewildered look, then trembling from head to foot she leant back against the rock for support, as with choking voice she gasped, 'Father, I! Oh, my God?' Not another word could she utter, but sinking on her knees buried her face in the long grass, sobbing violently.

"'Poor child!' said the good priest, as in gentle kindly tones he bade her rise. 'Trust in the Father of the fatherless, Sabine, and matters will not be so difficult as you imagine.'

"At these words the girl rose quickly to her feet. 'Father, it is not that; I am not afraid that the task will be too hard for me. No, no, dear Father, it was too great joy—too great almost for me to bear! Ah, you do not know, but the good God, He knows how, ever since I was a little child, I have longed for a part in the play, even if it were the very lowest and meanest! But how can such as I ever have any hope? I, the poorest and humblest creature in the whole town, taken out of charity by my master. May God and His Holy Mother reward him for it!'

"From this moment there began a new life as it were for the girl. She tended her kine as hitherto during the morning hours, but when we all assembled in the evening for practice, no one was so constant and diligent as Sabine. She learnt with astonishing quickness, and her natural and simple grace of manner soon disarmed even her most determined opponents. Her mistress, too, began to take much interest in her—taught her not only to knit and to sew, but also to read and to write, and at length took her altogether into the house service. The change in the inner and outer life of Sabine was wonderful. Under this fostering care the poor uncultured child expanded like a bud touched by the sun's rays, and became one of the loveliest among our Ammergau maidens. Well, the play for which we had been so long preparing at length took place, and twenty times that summer our Lord's history and sufferings were represented. Sabine surpassed all expectation—impossible to conceive anything more tender and true than her acting—and never had the part of Mary Magdalen been played by a sweeter or gentler maiden.

"And now came the last performance. Once more the Hebrew children strewed their palms, as with loud Hosanna to the Son of David, they greeted our Lord's entry into Jerusalem. Once more was the awful story of His bitter passion told. Once more rang out the jubilant *Gloria* as He ascended from earth to heaven. And then for ten years to come the scene of the Passion Play was left to silence and solitude."

Tired by the heat and exertion of the day, and totally unable to bear the noise and tumult of the now rapidly departing crowd of

strangers, I left the valley towards evening, and ascended the hill, taking a path which at some distance above led as I well knew to a little, lonely forest sanctuary of Our Lady, thinking that there at least, on such an evening, when all were busy below, I should find solitude. But I deceived myself, for as I approached I saw the shimmer of a white dress through the trees, and drawing near it, perceived a young girl kneeling before the shrine, where stood a marble image of the Blessed Virgin. Unwilling to disturb her who prayed, I sat down quietly on a bench near, and waited concealed from view by the trees.

"O sweet Mother of Jesus," she prayed, "thou who in thy compassion pitied and protected the poor orphan child, accept the only offering she can bring; take that which was but lent to her for the service of thy Divine Son; take that which has crowned thy poor servant with honor and blessing."

For a few minutes after this she remained in silent prayer—then rising slowly, went down the hillside. Deeply touched by what I had just heard, for although the trees concealed the face of the speaker, I well knew the tones of the voice, and curious to see what offering the pious child had made, I hastily drew near the spot she had just quitted—only to draw back with a loud cry of surprise, for there before me on the little altar lay the long golden tresses of Sabine! The whole end and aim of her young life was attained, and that which had once been used for God's honor and glory was never again to serve as a worldly adornment; and she, who to-day drew tears from all eyes by her personification of God's Blessed Mother, was the same who, years ago, offered her golden hair at Our Lady's Shrine.

FURTHER MUSINGS ON A COMMONPLACE SUBJECT.

Some of our sincere friends may be perplexed by our disquisitions on the savory art, and may dread a calamity befalling our sylvan sojourn like that which affected the raw air of the wilderness, when our elder brethren in Israel sniffed from afar the tempting odors of the fleshpots of Egypt. No such danger need be apprehended; we faithfully adhere to wholesome abstinence. We are moved by modern thought to an attentive observation of the characteristics of modern civilization, which progresses not only in the forum and the senate, but also in the culinary domain. Is there any great event commemorated without a grand banquet where "the tables groan under the richest viands of the season?" Is the hero-worship of our age satisfied with the donation of filthy lucre—and the cold compliment of memorials in stone? Certainly not. The fervor of admiration is manifested in giving a luscious warm "*feed*" to every eminent citizen who has mesmerized the popular mass with the notion that he has deserved well of the republic. A Grand Duke comes from the frozen North to bask in the smiles of our Western warmth—he is cherished at a splendid dinner. A *distinguished* historian embarks from the chalk cliffs of perfidious Albion for the purpose of whitewashing the blackest stains on the historic page; his coloring stuff is stiffened and glazed by several dainty dishes at Delmonico's academy of feeding.

But owing to some mistake in the composition of the material, or probably owing to the unclean condition of his cerebral paint-pail, his daub had a neutral tint. The recent visit of our respected President to Wilmington was a grand ovation, because at a luscious banquet the most appetizing meats were plied to open his mouth. The effect was marvellous—although there came not "a feast of reason, and flow of soul," the gastronomic pressure of four hundred feeders, *alias* guests, sent forth a flood of buncombe over the placid waters of the Delaware, such as never ventilated the colonnade of the Parthenon, nor ruffled the tide of Ilyssus. Such incidents being types of our age, we concluded that we are a great people, even in the expansive art of feeding, and the fragrant progress of cookery. Thence memory hinted that, in far off times and distant lands, a great people were, in the zenith of their civilization, excellent at the dinner table and in the kitchen. We verified the fact by turning over some literary gleanings of boyhood years when we noticed how much of classic lore was supplied by the greatest writers of Greece and Rome on the subject of rodents and roasts. Having such erudite incentives it is a praise for our scientific ambition that in a hermitage, without a larder, and on a Friday, we can muse on the festive scenes when the gods enjoyed a late dinner on Olympus (*vide* classics passim), and the famous baritone Bacchus intoned the good old song, "We won't go home till morning." *Revenons a nous moutons;* or, as they translate in Tipperary, "Let us turn the mutton."

The cooks of the ancients appear to have been much more consummate in their art than our modern practitioners. Athenæus records various descriptions of their incomparable science. A new dish immortalized its inventor and transmitted his name to posterity. Apicius's cakes were called Apicians; and Aristoxenes had attained such perfection in curing hams, that the glorious appellation of Aristoxenians was bestowed. Philosophers and poets gloried in their culinary science; the pleasures of the table were the subject of their writings and their conversations. Archestratus tells us with delight, that, although various delicacies can only be enjoyed in their proper season, yet we can talk about them with watering mouths all the year round.

One of these illustrious ministers of luxury attained such a degree of enviable perfection, that he could serve up a pig boiled on one side and roasted on the other, and moreover stuffed with all possible delicacies, without the incision through which these dainties were introduced being perceived. Supplicated to explain this wonderful secret, he swore solemnly by the names of all the heroes who fell at Marathon, or conquered at Salamis, that he would not reveal this sacred mystery for one year. When the happy day arrived, and he was no longer bound by his vows, he condescended to inform his anxious hearers that the animal had been bled to death by a wound under the shoulder, through which the entrails were extracted; and afterwards hanging up the victim by the legs, the stuffing was crammed down his throat. One half of the pig was then covered with a thick paste, seasoned with wine and oil, put into a brass oven, and gently and tenderly roasted; when the skin was brown and crisp, our hero proceeded to boil the other moiety; the paste was then removed, and the boiled and roasted grunter triumphantly served up.

So refined was the taste of the ancient *bons vivans*, that Montanus, according to Juvenal, would pro-

claim, at the first bite, whether an oyster was of British produce or not. Sandwich is believed to have been the favored spot whence Rome imported her oysters and other shell-fish. Shrimps and prawns must have been in great estimation, since we find Apicius quitting his residence at Minturnes, upon hearing that the shrimps of Africa were finer than those he would find in Campania. He instantly set sail for the happy coast, despite a gale of wind; after encountering a desperate storm, he reached the wished-for land of promise; but alas! the fishermen displayed the largest prawns they could collect, and, to his cruel disappointment, they would not vie, either in delicacy or beauty, with those of Minturnes. He immediately ordered his pilot to steer a homeward course, and left Africa's shore with ineffable contempt. These ingenious gluttons had recourse to every experiment that could add to their enjoyment. Philoxenus, and many others, used to accustom themselves to swallow hot water, that they might be able to attack scalding dishes before less fire-proof guests would dare to taste them. Simon maintained that cookery was the basis of all the arts and sciences; natural philosophy taught us the seasoning of dishes; architecture directed the construction of stoves and chimneys; the fine arts, the beautiful symmetry of each dish; and the principles of war applied to the drilling and marshalling of cooks, confectioners, and scullions, posting proper sentries to watch fires, and videttes to keep off idle intruders. That man is a "cooking animal," is considered one of his proudest attributes, and a proper bill of fare may be considered as the *ne plus ultra* of human genius! We venture to recommend those savory lucubrations of the wise Simon to the attention of the extraordinary scientists, Messrs. Huxley and Darwin, who may, perhaps, find a sweeter prototype of the origin of man, on the roasting-spit or frying-pan, than in the rotten bones of monkeys, or in the slimy entrails of decayed fish. With all respect for "Modern Thought," we must say that when we whiff the odor of roasting turkey we prefer the kitchen to the manure heap, for purposes of scientific inquiry.

While climate points out the most suitable articles of food, it exercises a singular influence over their qualities and properties, more especially in vegetable substances. We find plants which are poisonous in some countries edible and wholesome in others. Next to climate, culture and soil modify plants in a singular degree; flowers which yield a powerful perfume in some latitudes, are inodorous in others; and according to climate, their aroma is pleasant or distressing. A striking proof of this fact we ascertained in Rome, where perfumes are avoided, and the inhabitants, especially females, cannot support the scent even of the rose, which, we were told, often produces syncope. Cultivation brings forth singular intermediate productions; and by its magic power, the coriaceous and bitter almond is transformed into the luscious peach, the sloe converted into the delicious plum, and the common crab apple into the golden pippin. The same facts are observed in vegetables; the celery, sprung from a nauseous and bitter plant, called by botanists *Apium graveolens*, and the colewort, are metamorphosed into the cabbage and the cauliflower.

Recent experiments in Germany have demonstrated that, in times of scarcity, the wood of several trees may be converted into a nutritious substance. The fibres of the beech, birch, lime, poplar, fir, and various other trees, when dried, ground, and sifted into an impal-

pable powder, constitute as we are told, a very palatable article of food. If cold water be poured on this ligneous flour, inclosed in a linen bag, it becomes milky, and considerable pressure and kneading is required to express the starchy part of it. Recent travellers through Norway and Lapland have fully described the Norwegian *barksbröd*. We being especially interested about the vaunted "modern civilization and modern thought," have noted these facts as probable characteristics of human progress and advanced science. They reflect on those dark ages when ignorant monks labored to fertilize the dreariest deserts, and with indefatigable husbandry and skilful agriculture, produced an abundance of cereals, wheat, vines, olives, &c., which they stupidly deemed the staff of life. Pooh! in those days there were not utilitarians who could scientifically accommodate mankind to the condition of hogs and goats.

The sums expended by the ancients on their table exceed all belief. Vitellius expended for that purpose upwards of eight thousand dollars daily, and some of his repasts cost eighty thousand dollars. At one of them, according to Suetonius, seven thousand birds and two thousand fish were served up. Alius Verus laid out six hundred thousand dollars on one meal; and some of the dishes of Heliogabalus cost about six thousand dollars of our money. The excesses of this monster were such that Herodianus affirms he wanted to ascertain not only the flavor of human flesh, but of the most disgusting and nameless substances. The freaks related of this emperor are scarcely credible; but his gastronomic profusion may be easily conceived when we find that his very mats were made with the down of hares, or the soft feathers found under the wings of partridges! When such ideas of enjoyment prevailed, can we wonder that Philoxenis should have wished that he had the throat of a crane, that he might prolong the delights of eating.

Our adopted cousins, *over the sea and far away*, were, in early times, remarkable for their frugality, and it is supposed that luxurious living, or, at least, full living, was introduced to perfidious Albion by the Danes. It has been even asserted that the verb *gormandize* was derived from *Gormand*, a Danish king, who was persuaded by Alfred to be baptized. Erasmus observed that the English were particularly fond of good fare. William the Conqueror and Rufus were in the habit of giving gluttonous entertainments, and the former monarch was such an irascible epicure, that upon one occasion, an underdone crane having been served up by the *master of the cury*, he would have knocked him down, but for the timely interference of his *dapifer*, or purveyor of the mouth. This office of *dapifer*, with that of *cardrenius*, *magnus*, *coquus*, *coquorum prepositus*, and *coquus regius*, were high dignitaries in those days. Cooks have sometimes been obliged to resort to *pious* frauds; and it is related of Richard Cœur de Lion, that being very ill during the crusades, he took a strange fancy for a bit of pork, but as no pig could be procured, a plump Saracen child was roasted as a substitute, and it was remarked that Richard was ever after partial to pork. Let this be noted at Cincinnati. It is a compliment for a city, classically named Porkopolis; and the record of the fact ought to earn an addition to our subscription list in that oleaginous citadel. Being so conversant with dietics, we know the value of a pause between courses; we will therefore serve our next after a wholesome interval.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

MY CLERICAL FRIENDS, AND THEIR RELATIONS TO MODERN THOUGHT. New York: Catholic Publication Society, 1873. Received from P. F. Cunningham, 216 South Third Street.

"I have lived from my childhood among the clergy. They have received me both in rural and urban parsonages, and even, if it may be said without ostentation, in espiscopal mansions. My acquaintance with them extends over forty years. Without any claim to unusual penetration, I have an inquisitive and observant mind, and have not wholly neglected my opportunities. The clergy have taught me many things, chiefly extra-professional, including some which it was not their intention to teach. They have suggested to me, without design, a good deal more than they have taught. I owe to my intercourse with them, and my long familiarity with their life and manners, a multitude of fruitful reflections. At first confused and undefined, they have long since coalesced, grown into symmetrical form, and can now be contemplated as a whole. These reflections have covered, in the course of years, the entire space between unquiet speculation and mental repose; between the oscillations of doubt and the equilibrium of certainty. Some of them—before the inevitable hour of departure arrives—I am tempted to record in these pages."

With this very pertinent introduction, Dr. Marshall proceeds to give his readers, as the fruit of his experience, what he conceives certainly with very considerable, if not entire justice, to be a portrayal of the characters of the anglican clergy, in their vocation, at home, abroad, and in their relations with modern thought. He handles his subject with his usual acute profundity and wide breadth of thinking, and with the same powerful sarcastic ability, regulated by a discriminating charity, which has won for him an almost imperishable fame in the pages of his *Comedy of Convocation.* The present work, however, is more didactic and less humorous in tone than the *Comedy.* The very victims, hit at, in the latter, cannot help but join in the laugh at their own overwhelming, though genial discomfiture, while we close MY CLERICAL FRIENDS, filled rather with a sense of pity at the unfortunate and wanton mental blindness of the subjects under treatment. We predict for this work the quick and extensive circulation which its intrinsic merits, independently of the prestige of its author's name, so richly deserve.

TWELVE LECTURES ON THE CONNECTION BETWEEN SCIENCE AND REVEALED RELIGION.

THE REAL PRESENCE OF THE BODY AND BLOOD OF THE LORD JESUS CHRIST IN THE BLESSED EUCHARIST PROVED FROM SCRIPTURE. By Cardinal Wiseman. P. O'Shea: New York, 1872.

We have received from the publisher the above three volumes of a new American edition of Cardinal Wiseman's works.

His lectures on the connection between science and revealed religion are so well known, and have been so much admired by all true lovers of science and religion, that it seems scarcely necessary for us to add anything to the verdict of praise that has been so universally bestowed upon them.

For depth of thought and power of expression, these lectures are perhaps unequalled by any similar work in the English language; while the service they have done in dispelling error, and harmonizing the apparent inconsistencies of science and religion, can be estimated only by a knowledge of the extent of their circulation.

The great battle that the Church has to wage in the future, is one not against heresy, as heretofore, but against the legitimate successors of heresy—rationalism, infidelity, atheism. The alarming condition of society at the present day, in the widespread skepticism, if not positive repudiation of all that we have heretofore regarded as sacred in religion, warns us that the Church is about to encounter a new enemy, to conquer whom will require the exercise of a power which she alone possesses.

Protestantism, in some of its forms, may continue to exist as a nominal opponent of the Church; but her chief strength as the great enemy of truth, will be absorbed in her more open and dangerous, though less hypocritical child, "Modern Infidelity."

That the Church will be equally successful in this struggle as in former ones, we have not the slightest doubt. And the aid she will receive from such works as the one now before us, and from writers of the same school of thought as

Cardinal Wiseman, is such only as to make the conquest easier and quicker for her.

Cardinal Wiseman's Lectures, although originally prepared for a special purpose, are yet admirably suited to the general reader. The method adopted by the learned author in the classification and treatment of his subjects, covering as they do such a wide field, and embracing so many questions, is so complete that the reader gets, in a concise form, a thorough exposition of the beautiful harmony existing between revealed and scientific truth.

Had Cardinal Wiseman written nothing else, these Twelve Lectures alone would have formed a monument to perpetuate his memory; but happily such was not the case. He had a natural fondness for study and research, and whenever he found the opportunity of defending our Holy Religion, or of explaining her doctrines with his powerful pen, he always availed himself of it. Of the volume containing his Eight Lectures on the Real Presence of the Body and Blood of our Lord Jesus Christ in the Blessed Eucharist, we can only say that it is marked by the same power of argument, sublimity of thought, and grandeur of diction displayed in the preceding volumes.

The effect of reading such works as these is most salutary, and hence we cannot too highly commend them to all our readers who have not already been fortunate enough to have perused them. Mr. O'Shea deserves great credit for the admirable style in which they are presented, and we hope he will be liberally repaid for his enterprise.

HAWTHORNDEAN; or, Philip Benton's Family. By Mrs. Clara M. Thompson, authoress of The Rectory at Moreland. Chapel of St. Mary. Philadelphia: Peter F. Cunningham, 1872.

Hawthorndean is a well-written domestic tale of American life, and though not exactly a religious novel, yet thoroughly Catholic in its tone. Mr. Cunningham seems to claim the special privilege of publishing this class of works, and we heartily commend him for his enterprise in this respect. For while the stories issued from his house lay no claim to any superlative merits, they undoubtedly furnish lovers of good light literature with reading matter quite as interesting in point of plot, and far superior in the principles it inculcates, than the trashy novels which form the usual mental diet for the lolling occupants of luxurious lounges. Mrs. Thompson's reputation will not, we think, suffer by this latest production of her pen, and she is equally fortunate in the neat style in which Mr. Cunningham has reciprocated the compliment of making him, for the first time, her publisher.

THEELA, OR THE MALEDICTION. New York: P. O'Shea, 1872.

This is another of those Christian classics with which our Catholic publishers are so plentifully supplying us. It records, in a beautiful and interesting narrative, an event in the Church history of the fourth century, wherein a mother, moved to uncontrollable indignation at the dishonor brought upon her by her children, curses them, and heaven permits the malediction to take effect by the family becoming paralytics. The conversion and repentance alike of mother and children is brought about by the persevering prayers of a Christian maid-servant, and the cure of the stricken ones effected through the intervention of the relics of St. Stephen the Protomartyr. The interest of the story is further heightened by the introduction of two distinguished characters of the time, St. Paulinus, Bishop of Nola, and the glorious St. Augustine, Bishop of Hippo. The style of publication is neat and substantial, and we strongly recommend the book to Catholic libraries.

THE HEART OF MYRRHA LAKE. By Minnie Mary Lee. New York: Catholic Publication Society, 1873.

This is a controversial tale, and takes its title from the fact that the heroine, Myrrha Lake, exposes, in the form of a biography, the secret trials of her heart in her own and her mother's advance from Protestantism "into the light of Catholicity." The scene is laid in New England, and the story is thoroughly American. Its naturally serious tone is happily relieved by some exceedingly amusing passages. The interview of the "Sisters" with the "perverts," as they regard them, is an excellent delineation of a scene that frequently occurs between the faithful and *backsliding* members of the Evangelical sects; but when the "Elders" have to use their expostulatory arts upon those of their brethren who have "gone over to Popery," the interest and fun of the occasion is increased tenfold, and the authoress has not failed to appreciate the rare humor of such an opportunity.

We can only add our voice to the general approbation which this book has received from the press and public.